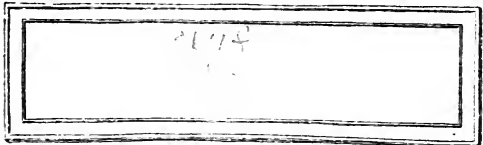
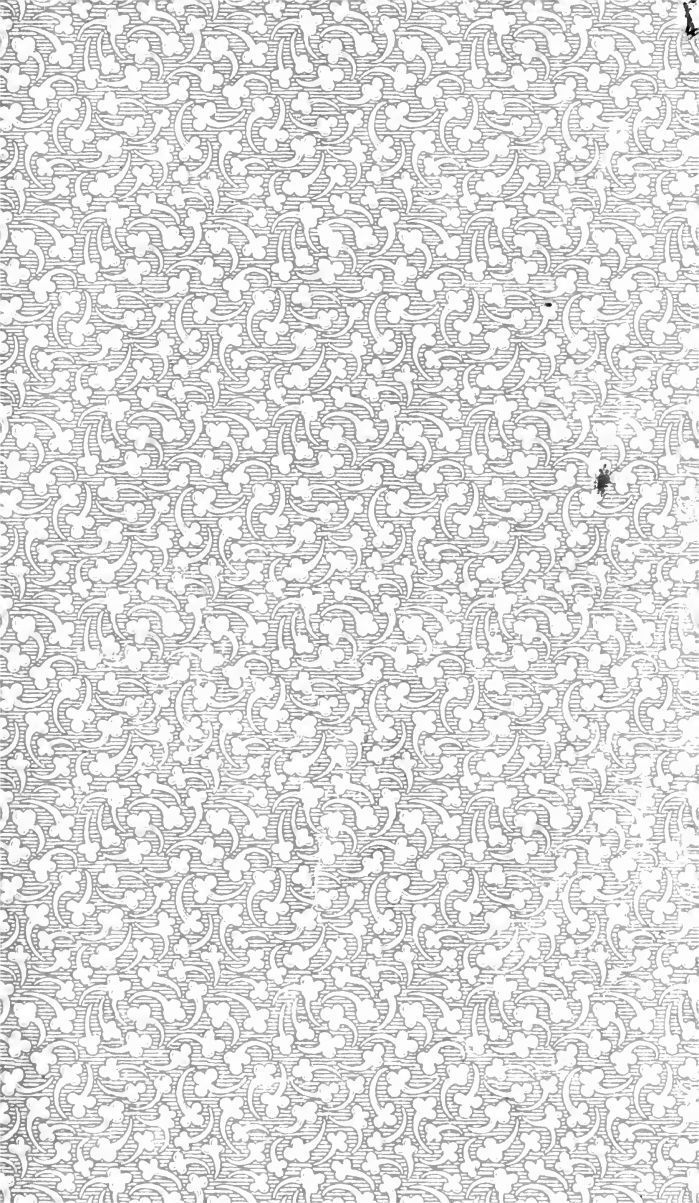


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F A U S T.

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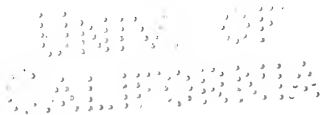
Maroon

T. W. von GOETHE
"

TRANSLATED INTO ENGLISH VERSE

BY

CHARLES HARTPOLE BOWEN



LONDON
LONGMANS, GREEN, AND CO.

1878

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TO THE
ADDRESS

ESEN
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FORTY YEARS have well nigh elapsed since the following translation of FAUST was written. Put aside for so long a period, it may well seem strange that it should now appear in print. The only reason for this that the writer has to give, is a desire to save any friends who may hereafter care to read it the trouble of perusing a manuscript.

KILNACOURT, QUEEN'S COUNTY :

May 24, 1877.

452889



F A U S T.



DEDICATION.

YE wild and spectre forms, again ye rise,
The troubled vision of my earliest youth ;
Say ! shall I grasp ye ere once more it flies,
And do I feel that this delusion sooth
My heart still haunts? Come then before my eyes,
Crowd forth from mist and vaporous cloud uncouth ;
My spirit feels within its inmost source
The wizard breath that wafts your onward course.

With ye, ye bring the thoughts of happy days,
And much-loved shades long lost again appear,
Whilst friendship's voice like half-remembered lays
Of some old tale, and early love's, I hear,
And then the pang returns and memory strays
Life's tangled paths anew. While sorrow near
With echoing plaint oft names the dear ones gone
From this dark way that I now tread alone.

Alas ! they never more shall hear my song,
The souls for whom I first awoke its strain.
For ever vanished is the friendly throng,
I loathe the strange applause that comes in vain,
Since those to whom it rightly should belong
Relentless fate hath bound with noiseless chain ;
Or spared as yet, their weary course she goads
Through distant lands whilst void our old abodes.

Again th' unwonted longing for the still
And earnest spirit realm my heart recalls ;
The fleeting tones with half-formed numbers fill
My murmuring song. As when the low breeze falls
Upon the Eolian string I feel its thrill ;
Tear follows tear, awe softens, not appals
My nerved heart, that now grows mild and weak,
Earth fades away, and with the past I speak.

*PROLOGUE.**In Heaven.*

THE LORD ; THE HEAVENLY HOST. *Afterwards* ME-
PHISTOPHELES. THE THREE ARCHANGELS *come forward*

RAPHAEL

The sun chimes on in ancient wise
Amid the brother spheres of heaven ;
And his forewritten task still plies
With thunderspeed for ever driven.
Immortal strength the angels drain
Whilst gazing on the unfathomed truth.
The high and boundless works remain
All bright as in creation's youth.

GABRIEL

And swiftly, ever swiftly spinning,
Earth her varied pomp revolves,
Deep and fearful, night beginning,
Still as heavenly light dissolves
In mountain waves, the restless ocean
Foams the deep-based rocks among,
And rocks and seas with endless motion
In one swift course are whirled along.

Faust.

MICHAEL

And storms with storms in might contending
From land and sea for ever roar,
Their mingled breath around is blending
A chain of deep unresting power.
The flashing blast on high careering,
Flames before the thunder's way ;
But we thy servants, Lord ! revering,
Enjoy the mildly changing day.

ALL THREE

Immortal strength the angels drain,
Tho' none thy purpose fathom may ;
Thy high and glorious works remain
All bright as at creation's day.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Since thou, O Lord, once more dost condescend
To ask for our affairs, we venture near ;
And as at times thine eye on me doth bend
Without displeasure, therefore am I here
Amid the general throng, and I beseech,
Although this goodly circle should cry shame,
That thou wilt pardon my uncourtly speech,
Which, to say truth, now feels a little lame ;
My pathos, too, I fear I must confess,
Might chance to draw from thee a laugh, unless

To laugh is not thy wont ; its theme being low,
As I of suns and worlds but little know,
And merely occupy myself with man,
Since first to plague his neighbour he began ;
For still unchanged I find earth's little god,
And all his ways and actions quite as odd
As when thou sent'st him forth ; indeed he might
Have gone on smoothly if of heaven's light
Thou hadst not given him that small glimpse which he
Calls knowledge, and contrives through it to be
More beastly than the beast, a mode of living
Whereby he thanks thee humbly for the giving.
He seems most like—I trust if 'tis improper
Thou wilt excuse my saying—a grasshopper,
That little long-legged thing that flits and springs,
Then down amid the grass its old song sings,
And in the grass he ever should repose !
In every filthy mess he pokes his nose.

THE LORD

Hast thou then nothing more to tell or ask ?
Still to find fault for ever thy sole task.
On the whole earth is nothing to thy will ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No, Lord. I find all there as ever ill,
Man's wretched lot with troubles so beset
That even to plague him I myself must fret.

THE LORD

Know'st thou my servant Faust?

MEPHISTOPHELES

The doctor, ay!

Truly he serves thee in no common way.
On earth his folly seeks not meat or drink
For his wild soul, that labours on the brink
Of the unfathomable, yet he knows
His madness partly, still he onward goes
And seeks to snatch its fairest star from heaven,
Nor shuns the joys that may by earth be given ;
But nothing near nor far from its unrest
May ever free his deeply toiling breast.

THE LORD

Tho' wandering wide in error's trackless night
He now may serve me, upwards to the light
I yet will lead him ; when green leaves appear,
The gardener knows that flower and fruit are near.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What wilt thou wager? thou shalt lose him yet
If thy permission thou will'st only give,
And I to lead him quietly am let.

THE LORD

So long as man upon the earth doth live,
So long is nothing there to thee forbade,
For man must err till numbered with the dead.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I thank thee. I'm content, for with such ware
I never had the least desire to deal.
For lips both full and fresh I only care ;
Such as are not I have no wish to feel,
Nor with a corpse to dwell in the same house.
Our sympathy's like that of cat and mouse.

THE LORD

'Tis good, and now to thee do I give o'er
To sap this spirit to its inmost source,
And unimpeded if thou hast the power
To lead him with thee on thy downward course
And stand abashed, as thou shalt surely do
To learn an upright man, in error most
When wrapt he seems, still in himself doth know
The path to right.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, then, some time is lost,
But for my wager, there's no need to quake,
Yet one condition more I wish to make,

My triumph to enjoy in its full measure :
 Dust shall he eat, and eat it with a pleasure,
 Like my old relative the famous snake !

THE LORD

Yea, e'en thus far be free to work thy will,
 Since it to me seems good, with such as mate
 With thee to bear, and of false spirits still
 I ever hold the scoffer least in hate,
 For man too lightly o'er his task would sleep
 And quickly drown his soul in careless sloth,
 But thee to urge him, who art never loth
 This evil to prevent, I still do keep
 Close at his side, and a companion give
 Who devil, ever must unresting live.
 But ye the sons of God ! whose happy fate
 To share the living beauty ye behold,
 That power which ever lives but to create
 In love's glad bonds eternally shall fold,
 And all that with unresting change seems fraught
 By ye be fixed in everlasting thought.

[*The heavens close and the ARCHANGELS vanish*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*alone*)

Than thus to see the Father and a word
 To have with him at times, I might do worse ;
 In truth 'tis somewhat fine that heaven's Lord
 Will kindly with the devil himself converse.

NIGHT.

FAUST

In a high-vaulted narrow Gothic Chamber.

Alas ! I now philosophy,
Abstrusest law and medicine too,
And to my cost theology,
With ceaseless toil have studied through.
Poor wretched fool ! what have I won ?
To end as wise as I begun.
'Tis true I'm doctor called, and here
Now by the nose for many a year
I lead my pupils up and down,
Thro' crooked paths with much renown,
And see that we can nothing know !
'Tis this doth sear my spirit through.
More am I skilled in all their gear
Than doctors, priests, and authors are ;
I scruple not at good or evil,
No dread I know of hell or devil,
And therefore hope hath passed away,
Nor faith in knowledge feel I may.

In secret to myself I own
From all my arts there is not one
Whereby man's lot may bettered be,
Or he himself reformed by me :
Then neither wealth nor gold have I,
Nor honour, nor authority.
Is there a dog who thus would live ?
For this good cause myself I give
To magic up, and fain would try
If aught doth yet in secret lie
That by the spirit's power and spell
To be revealed I may compel.
I would no longer toil in vain
That which I know not to explain,
But to their inmost core unfold
The subtle bonds which ever hold
The world's unbroken unity,
Production at her work would see,
Look on her secret springs displayed,
Nor drive in words this paltry trade.

Full, cloudless moon ! O would that thou
Wert for the last time shining now
This desk upon, where night by night
I watch thy late returning light,
Till o'er some mouldering tract or book
I meet, sad friend, thy gentle look.
O would that on the mountain way
In thy loved light I now might stray,

Round cave and glen with spirits hover,
Glide in thy beam the meadows over,
The loathed web I weave undo,
And bathe me in thy stainless dew.

Wretch that I am ! Still must I dwell
In this accursed walled-up cell ;
Where painted panes with dulness even
Infect the joyous light of heaven :
Cramped by a heap of books that must
And worms defile, begrimed with dust,
A charnel vault ! from roof to ground
Foul smoke-stained paper hanging round.
Old instruments, and without number
Boxes, glasses, round me strewn,
A pile of quaint ancestral lumber.
This for a world ! that world thine own.

Then dost thou ask why thus thy heart
So coldly in thy bosom beats,
And wherefore still a nameless smart
At every throb the life-pulse meets.
The living nature God did make
Thee to enjoy is yet unknown ;
And things of life thou dost forsake
For soulless skull and mouldering bone.

Out ! out ! away into the wide
And breathing world ! Hold'st thou not it

Which now should be thine only guide,
 This scroll by Nostradamus writ?
 The distant stars thou then shalt read,
 When nature thy instructress be ;
 Thy soul from earthly bondage freed,
 Shall as a spirit speak with thee.
 In vain dull toil would here expound
 The mystic signs it may not clear ;
 Ye viewless spirits hovering round,
 O answer ye, if me ye hear !

[*He opens the book and looks at the sign of
 the Microcosm*

Ha ! while I gaze what instant raptures flow
 Through every sense, how with unwonted thrill
 Fresh at my heart I feel the lifeblood glow,
 And every nerve and vein with gladness fill :
 Hath hand immortal traced this mystic sign,
 That can the inward storm thus quickly lay,
 The wearied spirit steep in bliss divine,
 And nature's secret power unveiled display,
 Am I a god ? all is so light around.
 My soul, while thee in these pure forms I trace,
 Creative nature meet'st thou face to face.
 Now what the sage hath said at length is found.
 'The spirit realm is closed not ;
 But thither wouldst thou bend thy flight,
 Thy sense is dead, thy heart is shut,
 Go bathe thee in the morning light.

[*He looks at the sign*

How one and all a web are weaving,
 Each within the other living,
 Their golden vessels interchanging,
 How the powers of heaven are ranging
 Up and down ! the earth is tingling
 With the bliss exhaling, swinging
 Of the many pinions winging
 To and fro !

All things are with all commingling
 Thro' and thro'.'

What glorious dream is this ? But dream alone.
 O boundless nature, can'st thou ne'er be won ?
 Where are thy breasts ? whence earth and heaven drain
 Eternal life, where still in its distress,
 The thirsting heart doth ever madly press ?
 Ye gush ! ye flow ! and must I long in vain.

*[He turns over the book indignantly, and looks at
 the sign of the Earth]*

But thou, dark sign, less strange art thou to me,
 Earth's kindred spirit, here I gaze on thee.
 I feel thy power, from thee like madd'ning wine
 My strength redoubles till it equals thine.
 Forth through the world I go ; what man may bear
 Of earthly woe, or earthly joy, I dare.
 The driving wreck may quiver on the rock,
 I breathe the storm and revel in the shock.

A cloud gathers o'er me,
 The moonlight is flown,
 The lamp too is failing,

Faust.

It reeks ! it is gone !
 With flickering rays
 A red light plays,
 My brow with fire is bound.

Down from the vault
 A shuddering thrill
 Sinks through my heart,
 I feel the chill

Of a spirit sweeping round.
 Thou whom I call
 From thy mystic thrall
 Unveil, and before me
 Stand !

Ha ! what throb unwonted swelling
 To its core my bosom rends ?
 I feel the fleeting senses welling,
 Fast with thine my being blends.

Appear !

Ay, be thou death itself, thou must appear.

[He seizes the book and pronounces the sign of the Spirit; a red flame flashes up, the Spirit appears in the flame

SPIRIT

Who calls me ?

FAUST (*turns away*)

Thee ! O horrible !

SPIRIT

By ceaseless sucking at my sphere
Thou at last hast dragged me here.
And now——

FAUST

Away, thou shape of hell.

SPIRIT

Thou hast prayed in agony
My voice to hear, my face to see.
Obedient to thy mighty call
I come, and thus can wretched fear,
Thou would-be god! thy heart appal?
Where is the soul that drew me here,
The heart that could a world create,
And in itself that world contain,
That in its joys would emulate
The joy of spirits, nor in vain
Till now hath striven—where art thou?
Faust! whose voice in her recesses
Earth hath heard, whose strength oppresses
Mine; what, art thou he who now
Can quail with more than mortal fright,
Whose strength my breath alone doth blight,
A miserable trampled worm?

FAUST

Shall I then fear thee, thing of flame?
 Faust am I. I thy equal am.

SPIRIT

Thro' all that exists on the voiceless storm
 Of motion that hath no ending,
 I sweep and I glide
 With the ceaseless tide
 That life is for ever sending.
 From her fathomless source
 I follow the course
 Hither and thither wending,
 Thro' cradle and grave
 Of her restless wave,
 To the ocean where all is blending.
 Up and down,
 A glowing change,
 To and fro
 I ever range.
 And for ever I toil in the boundless sea
 Of the universe, where all things that be
 On the loom of time inweave do I
 To the living garb of the deity.

FAUST

Thou busy winged spirit who thus flittest
 The world around, how near I feel to thee.

SPIRIT

The spirit thee resembling thou befittest,
 Faust—not me. [*Spirit vanishes*

FAUST

Not thee ; who then ?
 The image of the godhead I,
 And not a mate for thee !
[*A knocking at the door*
 O death ! 'tis my amanuensis. Must
 His grovelling presence, with its base alloy,
 This light-revealing vision thus destroy,
 And strew my thoughts and fortunes in the dust?

WAGNER *enters in his dressing-gown and nightcap, with a lamp in his hand.* FAUST *turns away in displeasure.*

WAGNER

I beg your pardon, but in passing by
 I heard your voice, and from its tone you seemed
 To read a speech from some Greek tragedy,
 And as the art at present's much esteemed,
 I fain would learn a little. It is said,
 An actor best can teach a priest his trade.

FAUST

Ay ! when the priest's an actor, as may be
 The case ere long, the saying will be true.

WAGNER

Ah, when a man is so pent up that he
On holidays alone the world can see,
And then but see it through a telescope,
To lead it by persuasion shall he hope?

FAUST

That which thou dost not feel, which does not well
A mystic stream from out the fountain soul,
The innate power that can alone compel
The hearts of others, and their course control,
No toil can win. Thou mayst thy heaped-up hoard
Of ashes kindle to a feeble fire,
And cook the fragments from another's board
Into a paltry mess, if thou desire
The praise of fools. But in the heart alone
Is spun that coil which binds two hearts in one.

WAGNER

I feel 'expression' makes the speaker's gain
Alone. 'Tis that I therefore would attain.

FAUST

Who makes the truly great his aim,
No frothy, tinkling fool is he,
For truth and reason ever claim
Small aid from art where'er they be.

If impulse from the heart inspire
Thy tongue to speech, dost thou require
To hunt for words? No, this befits
Him who no lofty end conceives,
Whose idle talking fruitless flits
Like autumn wind through withered leaves.

WAGNER

Ah God ! how tedious are the paths of art,
Its steep ascent to climb how short is life ;
How oft while struggling thro' the doubtful strife
Of learning's labour ache both head and heart.
The hidden spots where wisdom's fountains lie
Are hard to find, and oft ere half the road
With fruitless toil our weary feet have trod,
The chances are, poor devils, we must die.

FAUST

Is parchment then the source whence thou wouldst drain
That sacred draught which thirst for ever quells?
No ! thou shalt ever draw and drink in vain ;
Out thine own soul alone such water wells.

WAGNER

Excuse me. Thence great pleasure he derives,
Into the spirit of the times who dives,
Scanning each sage of old, and what he thought
On all that we since then so far have brought.

FAUST

Far ! far ! oh yes, up to the stars of heaven,
 My friend, the times gone by to us are given,
 A mystic scroll, a book with seven seals.
 What we the spirit of the times do call
 Is our own spirit, which to each and all
 The times as in a glass itself reveals.
 Ay ! and a wretched scene is often there,
 Whereof a single glance might fright away
 The boldest looker-on ; a motley fair
 Of rags and rubbish, or at best a play
 Of state affairs, where puppets in their places
 Deal out old saws with all-important faces.

WAGNER

But yet to know mankind, to read the mind,
 The inmost soul, may well our labour claim.

FAUST

Ay ! what the crowd doth call to know mankind,
 But who shall call the child by his right name ?
 The few, the very few, who yet have made
 Aught of the truth their own, who would declare
 What they have learned, the swelling heart lay bare,
 These have the cross and stake as yet repaid.
 I pray you, friend ; 'tis time that we conclude.
 The night is now far spent ; we should retire.

WAGNER

Well, as you wish. But in such learned mood
To hear you talk is what I most desire,
Therefore, before I go, one boon I crave.
Easter to-morrow comes, I fain would have
Some further converse ; truly I have gained
From study much, but have not all attained.

[Goes

FAUST (*alone*)

One soul exists alone, hope never flies
The soul which clings to dross, whose eager hand
With restless labour digs each barren land
And gropes exulting where an earth-worm lies.
Dares such a mortal voice to echo here
Where thronging spirits with their presence fill
The pregnant air? and I, that thou wert near,
Poor grovelling child of earth, must thank thee still,
For thou didst burst the chain wherewith despair
Had bound my sense, my failing eye didst screen.
Its dwarfish ken, alas ! might never bear
The withering brightness of such monster scene.

The living image of the godhead I,
Whose disembodied thought with eager gaze
'Mid light ethereal sought the mirrored maze
Of truth eternal : ay ! and deemed it nigh.

Who more than cherub freely would have coursed
Through nature's veins, whose wish was to create

And live the life of gods, am I thus forced
Th' ambitious hope so soon to expiate !
Long sought, all-glorious vision thou art gone,
One thunderword to earth hath hurled me down.

‘Not dare to mate with thee in being !’ Say,
Have I the power to draw thee near possess,
But not the power thy subtle strength to stay ?
In that brief moment how supremely blest
’Twas mine to feel—so little yet so great—
But thou didst thrust me back, and I must tread
The starless paths of man’s uncertain fate.
Who then shall teach me what to seek, to dread ;
The throb of earthly fear, of earthly hope,
Must I then live their impulse to obey,
With this alone to guide me ; onward grope
My weary course o’er life’s uncertain way,
Which equally on every side impedes,
One mingled mass, our sufferings and our deeds.

Aught in itself most noble, doth the mind
Of man conceive, still something foreign clings
Thereto for ever. If perchance we find
That which the world calls good, all better things
Are lies or madness deemed ; in earthly strife
High feelings sink that erst have given us life.

How oft would eager phantasy dilate
Through boundless space, or pierce the infinite,

Soaring on outspread wings with hope elate ;
But small the room that doth her course befit
When, baffled in her flight, she one by one
Sees on the wave of time her fortunes strewn.

Then deep within the heart's recesses, care
In secret nestles, and a countless brood
Of hidden pangs are soon engendered there,
The while she rocks herself in sleepless mood,
Nor day nor night her ruthless task doth rest,
Still chasing peace from out the affrighted breast.

In some new garb for ever masking she
As house or court, as wife or child appears,
As fire, dagger, poison, aught that we
See in our dreams or vision in our fears ;
Terror in all a phantom-evil views,
And wails as lost what we shall never lose.

What is it then but dust thus thickly clothes,
Piled on its many shelves, this lofty wall,
The sapless trash that in a world of moths,
Doth with its thousand shapes my soul enthrall ?
That which I want, is this the fitting spot
Wherein to find it ; haply here I glean
From endless tomes how men their wretched lot
Have made more wretched, how that there has been
At times a happy one. Thou fleshless skull,
What means thy hideous grin ? Shall I divine,

Since eyeless thus from thy recesses dull
Thou lookst upon me, that thy brain like mine
Hath been bewildered, that thou too like me
With untamed will didst seek the brighter day
Where truth eternal dwells, and grievously
In twilight dim like me didst lose thy way?
And ye grim instruments! At me ye mock
With many-cranked wheel and cog and groove.
I stood before the door ye should unlock,
Tho' quaint the key, the bolt it may not move,
And still in broadest day from mortal view
Her veiled secrets nature doth conceal,
Nor canst thou wring from her with bar or screw
That which she will not to thy mind reveal.
Ancestral lumber, that dost here remain
Untouched since last my father bent before thee,
Old smoke-stained roll, that on this desk hast lain
Since first the troubled lamp hath smouldered o'er thee,
My worldly all! Far better wert thou gone,
Than cumbered with thee I should idly fret.
What falls to man, use only makes his own;
The rich are those who spend, not those who get;
Of use is that the moment brings alone,
All else a burden is, 'neath which we vainly sweat.

Is yon small flask a magnet to the eye,
That mine so strangely on that spot doth brood?
Whence shines this lovely light, thus suddenly
Like moonbeam falling through the midnight wood?

Phial of price unnamed ! I take thee down,
Aye thee I honour, for in thee I own
The sum of man's intelligence and art ;
Essence of all that gentle sleep doth bring,
Thou single power of every deadly thing
To me thy master now thy gifts impart.
I see thee ! pain and sorrow are no more.
I grasp thee ! quickly is the struggle o'er.
Wave after wave the spirit ebbs away,
O'er the wide sea I float, the skies are beaming,
The glassy flood beneath my feet is gleaming,
To other shores invites another day.

A car of fire sweeps down on pinions light ;
To me it comes, my bosom pants to rove,
Mounting the untrod paths thro' ether bright
To where new spheres of unchecked action move.
Canst thou then seek, whom haughty fate doth spurn,
Poor crawling worm, such bliss, such life divine ?
Ay ! on the earth's fair sun but boldly turn
Thy back for ever, and these joys are thine.
The gate which all slink by, come, burst it now,
That gate which from thy view the future shields,
'Tis fitting time that thou by deeds shouldst show
To God's own might man's worth in nothing yields.
Quail not before the dark and foul abyss
Where phantasy itself to torture damns,
But onward through the entrance fearless press,
Around whose jaws all hell collected flames ;

Firm thy last step although thy course be run,
To end in nothing—haply there begun.

And now come down, thou crystal stainless cup,
Forth from thy antique case, too long laid up,
Thy worth forgotten and thy aid unsought.
Oft hast thou circled round my father's board,
And earnest guests to festive mirth restored,
Passing from hand to hand with gladness fraught.
A master's skill hath richly thee inwrought
With strange devices ; these the drinker's task
In rhyme to tell, nor other aid to ask,
But breathless quaff thee at a single draught.
Now to no friendly lip I pass thee on,
Now shall my wit on thee no more be shown ;
Here is the juice doth quickly still all thought.
Up to the brim, dark stream, thou fillst the bowl ;
Thou whom I mixed, who life and death control,
Now my last drink, art here with heart and soul
As festal greeting to the morning brought.

*[Sets the cup to his lips. Ringing of bells and
singing of chorus*

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Christ is arisen !
Sadness and terror
Fly from the mortal
Whom sorrows and error
Darkly imprison.

FAUST

What solemn strain, what clear and sacred tone,
The cup untasted from my lip repels,
The Easter dawn already make ye known,
With festal clang, ye hollow tolling bells.
Ye choirs, the gladd'ning hymn again ye pour,
That angels sung around the sepulchre,
The joyous song which man's redemption tells.

CHORUS OF WOMEN

With sweet spices we bathed Him,
The blood from each wound
We washed, and we swathed Him
With linen around.
To the tomb we conveyed Him,
His true ones, with care,
But alas ! where we laid Him
We find Him not there.

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Christ is arisen !
Triumph and gladness
Now to the loving ones !
Trial and sadness,
Burst is your prison !

FAUST

Ye heavenly strains, with solemn soothing sound,
 Why seek me in the dust wherein I dwell?
 Go echo there, where weaker men are found.
 I hear your message, but the tale ye tell
 To faith is spoken, faith whose petted child
 Is miracle, and they alone may lead
 To where I dare not soar, to regions mild
 Whence these glad tidings hither vainly speed.
 And yet this sound from earliest childhood known,
 Its friendly voice to life recalls me now:
 Once did the kiss of heavenly love come down
 In sabbath stillness on my youthful brow;
 Then broke the pealing bell the hallowed air,
 Then fervent pleasure breathed in sacred prayer,
 And longing strange and sweet my course impelled
 Thro' wood and field, then trickled tear on tear
 Down my hot cheek until I deemed thee near,
 Thou better world, which fancy's eye beheld.
 This hymn! its voice to youth did ever bring
 The sports, the freedom of the festive spring,
 And memory doth with childish thrill restrain
 The last dread step. Peal on, ye heavenly songs.
 Tears wet my cheek; the tear to ye belongs;
 To ye I yield; earth holds me once again.

CHORUS OF YOUNG PEOPLE

Death hath He vanquished,
 Corruption He knew not,

The grave hath relinquished
The tomb'd one ye view not.
Wrapt in unending bliss,
Near the Creator, He
Highly exalted is ;
Ah ! then must we
Here on earth's bosom still,
Such is thy holy will,
Suffer and languish till
Here we our lot fulfil.
Master, like Thee.

CHORUS OF ANGELS

Christ is arisen !
The grave could not bind Him,
No longer imprison
The bonds that entwined Him.
Ye faithful ones, rouse ye from suffering and fear ;
Journeying brotherly,
Love shall your labour be,
Preaching the promise He
Made, man from sin to free,
For you is your Master here,
You is He near.

*BEFORE THE GATE.**Promenaders of all kinds pass out.*

SOME MECHANICS

Why are you going that way?

OTHERS

We are going up to the Jägerhaus.

THE FIRST

But we're for a walk to the mill to-day.

A MECHANIC

The Wasserhof is what I would choose.

SECOND MECHANIC

That road's not pleasant, the other's the best.

THIRD MECHANIC

What do you do?

FOURTH MECHANIC

I go with the rest.

FIFTH MECHANIC

No, come up to Bergsdorf ; for there, never fear,
We shall find pretty girls and the best of good beer,
With rare rows in the bargain.

FOURTH MECHANIC

Go up there, what for ?

Is twice not enough of such fighting and din,
That still, my fine fellow, you hate a whole skin ?
You may go if you like, but the place I abhor.

SERVANT MAID

No, no, I'll go back to the town.

ANOTHER

Here under the poplars we surely shall find him.

THE FIRST

But still if we do the luck is your own.
What's he to me that I should mind him ?
For, walk or dance, for ever he'll be
With you, and what pleasure is that to me ?

THE SECOND

Ay, were he alone. But the curly head
Will surely be with him to-day, he said.

STUDENT

The devil ! how lustily the damsels stride.
 Come, brother, let us with them side by side.
 Strong beer, right sharp tobacco, in her best
 A maiden decked ; a fig for all the rest.

CITIZENS' DAUGHTERS

See, what a shame ! when they might choose
 The best of company, that youths like those
 Will follow servant girls, and rather talk
 With them, than come and with their equals walk.

SECOND STUDENT

Hold, not so fast ; I see two more behind,
 Well-dressed ones too, and pretty. One my neighbour
 Some time has been, and I feel half inclined
 To fall in love with her without more labour.
 They walk demurely in their quiet way,
 But ask to join them, and they'll not say nay.

FIRST STUDENT

No, brother, that's slow work. Come, forward push,
 Quick, or we lose the game. The hand that Mondays
 Bring back its weekly task, to twirl the brush,
 That is the hand can fondle best on Sundays.

TOWNSMEN

With this new burgomaster all's not right ;
 He gained his end, and now it comes to light.

Then for the town itself, what has he done?
Is it not growing worse from day to day,
With more restraints to bear and more to pay,
Than e'er was heard of till his rule begun?

BEGGAR (*sings*)

Good gentlemen and ladies fair,
With rosy cheek and silken dress,
O make the beggar's wants your care,
And kindly look on my distress.
Who freely give alone are gay,
Then not in vain here let me sing,
But let this day a holiday
To all—to me a harvest bring.

ANOTHER TOWNSMAN

On festive days I know of no delight
Like a good talk of war and war's alarms,
When distant nations with each other fight,
And far behind the Turk is up in arms.
With open window drain one's quiet glass,
And view the barges gay and gliding river;
Then to one's happy home at evening pass,
And bless sweet peace, of joys like these the giver.

THIRD TOWNSMAN

Ay! neighbour, ay! if distant folks will break
Each other's heads, they may, I little care.

Nor how great stir in other parts they make,
If things at home stay only as they are.

AN OLD WOMAN (*to the citizens' daughters*)

Heyday ! how smart my pretty flesh and blood ;
Who could such beauty see and not adore you ?
But not so proud ! altho' 'tis well and good,
For what you wish, I know to set before you.

CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER

Come, Agatha, come on ; with hags like these
In public to be seen it is not right,
Tho' true, my future lover, as she says,
Alive she showed me on St. Andrew's night.

SECOND CITIZEN'S DAUGHTER

And mine in crystal pure she made appear,
A soldier youth, with many more behind him ;
And though I never cease both far and near
To seek him out, yet nowhere can I find him.

SOLDIERS

Towns with their battlements,
Towers and wall,
Maids with their haughty thoughts
Scorning us all,
Soon shall they fall.
Bold the adventure is, noble when won,

And the trumpet that calls us
Our banner beneath,
It summons to pleasure
Or summons to death.
Glorious the storming,
And glorious the life ;
For both must surrender,
The city and maid ;
Right bold is the venture,
And richly repaid,
And the soldiers triumphant are gone.

FAUST *and* WAGNER. *h=*

FAUST

The stream and the fountain have burst their chain,
It hath melted away in the spring's bright smile,
And hope in the valley is green again.
The winter old he hath lingered awhile ;
But now he retreats to his mountain home,
And the icy showers unheeded come
That he sends in his flight o'er the grassy plain,
Where his wrath in its weakness is idle and vain.
For the sun no traces of white may bear,
While in hues of summer the earth he pranks,
But all is living and moving there,
And the distant crowd by the river's banks
For flowers hath scattered its motley ranks.

Behold from the outspread town below
The varied throng in a ceaseless flow,
Its mingling masses with pleasure elate,
Pour out o'er the plain through the dusky gate.
How sweet is the sunshine to all to-day !
Their Lord is arisen ! with festal voice
The bell is proclaiming aloud, and they
Themselves have arisen, and all rejoice.
From the bonds of their daily toil they come,
From the sordid dwelling and cheerless room,
From cellar and roof, from the narrowness
Of the crowded street with its stifling press ;
From the shadowy gloom of the holy pile,
To the gladdening light of the morning's smile.
But see ! now see ! how the parting throng
Is streaming thro' garden and field and wood,
How merrily tossing or gliding along
Gay barges unnumbered are stemming the flood,
The last one just pushing away from the shore,
She is laden until they can lade her no more.
From every hillock and mountain way
Bright colours are gleaming far and near ;
For pleasure o'er all is abroad to-day :
Already the clamour and hum I hear
Of that paradise of the multitude,
The village green, where gentle and rude
Are laughing and shouting. Ay ! here again
I may mingle a man in the ranks of men.

WAGNER

Doctor ! with you to walk and converse hold
Is pride and profit both, else might not I
Without you hither come for wealth untold,
To these rude scenes I bear such enmity.
This fiddling, screaming, bowling, and the rest
Distracts me so with its infernal ringing,
While all run riot as with devils possest,
And then they call it pleasure, call it singing.

PEASANTS (*under the lime tree dancing and singing*)

The shepherd decked his jacket new
With ribbons red and white and blue,
Right gay was his apparel.
Merrily went the fiddle-bow,
And all were dancing to and fro,
Tira-la ! Tira-la !
Huzza ! Tira-la !
And round the lime tree whirl.

But while to join the dance he rushed,
A maid he with his elbow pushed
Such conduct taking evil,
In anger turned the buxom lass
And said to him ' How rude that was !'
Tira-la ! Tira-la !
Huzza ! Tira-la,
Pray don't be so uncivil.

Yet still the ring goes briskly round,
And right and left the dancers bound,

While petticoats are flying :

But all grew red, and all grew warm,
At length they rest them arm in arm.

Tira-la ! Tira-la !

Huzza ! Tira-la !

With hip to elbow, sighing.

No, hold your tongue ; how many a one
His bride with vows like yours hath won,

And promised while betraying.

And yet he coaxed the maid aside,

While echoed from the lime tree wide

Tira-la ! Tira-la !

Huzza ! Tira-la !

With shouts and fiddle playing.

OLD PEASANT

Doctor, we may indeed be vain
Since one so wise and learned as you,
Doth venture here and not disdain
To mingle with this noisy crew.
Lo here with liquor fresh to-day
For you our finest cup I fill,
The proffered draught I humbly pray
May it your thirst not only still,
But to your valued life I hope
A day may add for every drop.

FAUST

With thanks the grateful bowl I drain,
And wish all health and joy again.

OLD PEASANT

Ay, truly ! it is right and good
That you in happy times appear,
Who oft by all a friend hast stood
In evil days amongst us here ;
And many a one here living stands
Whose pains your father's art allayed,
And burst their fever's burning bands,
What time alone the plague he stayed.
Then midst the sick a beardless youth
From house to house you went about,
And many a lifeless corpse came forth,
But still uninjured you came out ;
The Helper from above did heed,
And helped the helper in his need.

ALL

Long live the tried and trusty friend !
Long may he help to others lend !

FAUST

Who help and power to help hath sent,
To Him in heaven the knee be bent.

[*He goes on with WAGNER*

· WAGNER

What must thy feelings be, thou honoured man,
 Who dost respect like this from all obtain !
 O happy he ! whose gifts thus godlike can
 Such envied worth for their possessor gain.
 The father sees and points thee to his son,
 The music stops, the dance is given o'er ;
 All join the press, and question while they run.
 Thou walkest on, the crowd make way before ;
 The head is bared, the cap is tossed on high ;
 Almost they kneel as tho' the Host drew nigh.

FAUST

A little farther walk we to yon stone,
 And from our wandering rest ; how often there
 With labouring thought o'ercome I've sat me down
 And wrung my soul with fasting and with prayer.
 In faith unshaken, rich in hope, I strove,
 Thro' tears, thro' sighs, thro' wringing hands to bend
 The Lord to mercy, on His throne above,
 That here the raging pestilence might end.
 Like mockery sounds the multitude's applause,
 Within my inward breast. O couldst thou read,
 To father as to son how little cause
 Exists, that fame like this should be decreed.
 A worthy sombre man my father was,
 With upright purpose but by methods strange,
 Through nature's secret depths he sought to range,

And pored unwearied o'er her mystic laws
With tried adepts a trusty brotherhood.
Shut in their swarthy kitchen, 'twas his use
O'er endless recipes for days to brood,
And hostile substances together fuse.
There in the tepid bath the Lion Red,
A lover bold, was with the Lily married,
Then wrung with open flame from bed to bed
By subtle arts the bridal pair were carried;
Was, deep within the glass at length descried,
Imbued with varying hues, the youthful Queen,
They deemed the medicine found; the patients died,
And no one asked if any cured had been.
Thus we the helpless sick thro' hill and vale
With these our hellish drugs did long assail,
More fatal far than pestilence were we,
The poisonous draught alone this hand did give,
Which thousands drank and died, and still I live,
That praised their ruthless murderer may be.

WAGNER

[Why with such idle cares your soul afflict?
What from the best of men require we more,
Than that the art which others handed o'er,
He daily exercise with conscience strict?
If to thy father honour thou dost lend
In youth, then gladly wilt thou knowledge gain.
A man become, dost thou its bounds extend,
So shall thy son to loftier ends attain.

FAUST

O happy he, who this wide sea of wrong
Still dreams to 'scape, whom hope doth ever buoy;
Where all for that they know not, restless long,
While that they know, they know not to employ.
But come ! we will not cloud with thoughts of woe
The sweet enjoyment of this parting hour;
See how the green-girt cottages below
Gleam in yon flood of light the sun doth pour !
He bends, he sinks, the day with him is gone,
Away he hastes, and life is ever new.
O that no wing exists to bear me on,
That I might soar from earth and follow too !
Then ever dwelling in the evening's beam
Would I the mountain heights on fire behold,
The valley's deep repose, the silver stream,
Lost in the distant wave of burnished gold.
On, on, the godlike flight for ever on,
Nor clift, nor chasm, nor craggy summit stays.
The sea appears ! earth's watery bounds are won,
Behold the glowing coves, the sunlit bays.
Down sinks the god at length, yet still doth last,
Unquenched, the longing for eternal light,
It still impels me, on I forward haste,
Before the day, and after me the night,
Above the heavens and under me the sea,
A glorious dream ! he sinks and it is gone.
Alas ! the spirit's wing keeps pace alone,

No earthly wing may bear him company;
Yet is in all the innate feeling strong
To struggle on and upwards. When from high,
Lost in the blue expanse, the lark her song
Pours down, thrilling the air with melody;
When poised on outspread wing the eagle free
Far o'er the floating cloud and pine-clad height,
Sweeps on his way ; when over plain and sea
The crane unwearied wings her homeward flight.

WAGNER

Oft hath my fancy too its wayward hour,
Yet never have I felt a wish like yours ;
This thirst for wood and field hath soon an end,
No bird its wing I grudge, but borne would be
On the mind's joys. O then how blissfully
From book to book, from page to page we wend !
Then winter nights become both bright and fair,
When warm with life our every limb hath grown ;
And ah ! unroll'st thou then some parchment rare,
The boundless heaven itself to thee comes down.

FAUST

One impulse only from thy heart doth well,
Another is, O mayst thou feel it never !
Alas ! two souls within my bosom dwell,
And from the other each itself would sever.
One to the earth below, in ceaseless love

Clings with a clasp of steel that never yields ;
One soars from out the mist and seeks above
A higher ancestry, in nobler fields.
O, be there viewless spirits hovering near,
That hold 'twixt earth and heaven their airy throne,
Descend ye from your golden atmosphere,
And bear me hence with ye to worlds unknown.
Ah ! were a magic mantle mine ! that I
Thro' stranger lands, thro' untracked realms might range,
For jewelled robes its worth I would not change,
Nor mantle of a king that gift should buy.

WAGNER

Call not the well known children of the air,
On every wind a fearful troop they ride,
And danger thousandfold for men prepare :
Thronging the atmosphere on every side
The sharp-fanged spirits from the frozen north
Press on and pierce thee with their arrowy tongues,
With withering breath they from the east rush forth
And feed destroying on thy parched lungs.
The south sends those that on thy glowing brain,
Hasting from deserts hot, their fire pour down,
The west the swarm that thee and fields and plain
Alike refreshes, but at last to drown.
They hear with joy, on mischief ever bent,
Deceit their purpose, gladly they obey,
While messengers from heaven we deem them sent,
They lisp like angels, only to betray.

Now let us go. The earth's with grey o'er-cast,
The air grows cool, the mists are falling fast;
At evening first our home we rightly prize.
Why standst thou speechless thus with wond'ring eyes?
What thro' the evening's gloom can look thus strange?

FAUST

See you a coalblack dog the stubble range?

WAGNER

Yes! but in that I nothing wondrous see.

FAUST

Watch well the brute! what thinkst thou he should be?

WAGNER

A poodle clearly, who with curious nose
Hunts on his master's track as poodles will.

FAUST

But markst thou how in snakelike curves he goes,
Whilst round he courses near and nearer still;
And err I not, behind him visibly
A streak of fire upon his path he leaves.

WAGNER

I nothing but a black-haired poodle see,
Mayhap some secret cause your eye deceives.

FAUST

Methinks some magic noose he lightly draws,
A future toil, wherewith our feet he binds.

WAGNER

He's bounding thus, and hesitates, because
Two strangers in his master's place he finds.

FAUST

The ring is closed, his course is o'er.

-WAGNER

Now see, a dog is he, and nothing more.
He crawls and doubts, upon his belly lays
And wags his tail, a dog in all his ways.

FAUST

Come hither, join our company.

WAGNER

A poodle-mannered beast is he,
Stand you but still, he sits and begs ;
Speak, and he's up with outstretched legs,
Hide glove or stick, where'er you fling it,
In pond or stream, he'll seek and bring it.

FAUST

Ay, you are right, no spirit's trace is shown,
All, as you say, from training comes alone.

WAGNER

Such well-bred dog to make his friend
A wise man oft will condescend,
And well hath he your favour earned,
The student's pupil deeply learned.

[*They enter the gate*

*STUDY.*FAUST (*entering with the poodle*)

O'er field and meadow now forsaken,
Night her gloomy veil hath spread;
To holier thoughts the soul doth waken,
Sad with deep foreboding dread.
Now sleeps each passion wild and erring,
With every deed and feeling rude,
Within the heart alone are stirring
The love of man, the love of God.

Be quiet, poodle ! run not up and down,
Why at the threshold snuff and smell you so ?

Take my best cushion, it shall be your own
If quietly behind the stove you go.
The grateful kindness which would here repay
The playful tricks wherewith you did your best
To make us merry on our mountain way ;
Receive you now a welcome, peaceful guest.

When once again the lamp is burning
Friendly in our narrow cell,
Soon enters absent peace returning,
And all within the heart is well ;
Then reason speaks, and blossoms bursting
Hope puts forth with fresh essay ;
She seeks life's fountains gently thirsting,
Life's springs, alas ! too far away.

Cease, poodle ! cease your growling—ill accords
With these sweet echoing tones which now surround
My soul with harmony, its brutish sound.
Accustomed are we, that in uncouth words
Men mock the worth they may not understand,
And hating oft the good, the beautiful,
That is not such to them, with it will quarrel,
And with the dog like him too snap and snarl.
Ay ! rest, alas ! is unattainable.
No more contentment from this heart may well !
But wherefore must the stream so quickly fail,
And thirst more fierce again the breast assail ?
Yet thus that it must be too well I know,

Still may the void be filled ; what hidden lies,
 What is not of the earth, we learn to prize.
 What revelation's light alone may show,
 And say from whence more gloriously doth shine
 That light than from God's Testament divine.
 Come, sacred text ; that which thou dost impart
 In tongue of olden worlds I long t'unfold
 In our dear German tongue, and thus unrolled,
 Thy sacred meaning scan, with upright heart.

[He opens the volume and sets himself to the task

'Tis written, 'In the beginning was the Word.'
 I stop already. What is here inferred?
 So highly 'tis impossible to prize
 The Word alone. No, we must otherwise
 Read it. If us the Spirit influence,
 'Tis written, 'In the beginning was the Sense.'
 Bethink you well ! let not the pen too fast
 Write this first line in inconsiderate haste.
 Could Sense create and form with nothing more ?
 It should be, 'In the beginning was the Power.'
 E'en while I write it down repeats again
 A warning something, 'This may not remain.'
 The Spirit aids ; it whispers what we need.
 I write it, 'In the beginning was the Deed.'

Poodle, leave off this howling !

Cease this growling !

If that the chamber you with me would share.
 Such boisterous companion here I bear
 No longer. What, you will not ? Then must one

Of us two quickly from this cell begone.
 With grief I feel our fellowship thus cease ;
 The door is open ; there ! depart in peace.

But what do I here behold !
 Can nature a vision like this unfold ?
 Is it a Shadow ? is it aught real ?
 Could earthly being such change befall ?
 How longer and broader the poodle grows,
 A doglike form no more he shows.
 What hideous phantom have I brought home !
 Like Nile-bred monster is he become,
 With eyes of fire and visage fell.
 I have thee now, I know thee well !
 Solomon's key is a bridle good
 To manage and curb th' half hellish brood.

SPIRITS (*in the passage*)

One is prisoner within,
 Follow him no one,
 Like a fox in a gin,
 There quakes a true one,
 An old lynx of hell,
 Trapped with a spell.

Haste ye to help him, but take ye heed !
 Danger is brewing, beware ! beware !

Veil the moonbeam, darken the air ;
 We should succour him in his need,
 He for us hath done many a deed.

Hover above ! hover below !
Hither and thither, and to and fro,
Then is he freed.

FAUST

Here first to compel thee thy task to give o'er,
Monster, confronts thee the spell of the Four.

Salamander shall glow.

Undine shall flow.

Sylph disappear.

Kobold bestir.

Who knows not the power,

Who knows not the worth,

Of fire, of water,

Of air, and of earth,

Who knows not to call them,

Tho' hidden they be,

O'er spirits no ruler,

No master is he.

Vanishing, flaming,

Fly, Salamander !

Rushingly streaming,

Join thee, Undine !

In meteor beauty,

Show thee, Sylph !

Incubus earthly,

Help ! help !

Come forth and finish the spell !

None of the Four the beast doth harm,
 He lies unruffled and grins at me ;
 As yet he suffers no injury,
 But thou shalt list to a stronger charm.

A being more fell
 Doth that form confine,
 A scapeling of hell,
 Then behold thee the sign !
 That sign to which bow
 The dark troop below.

Ay ! now he is swelling and bristling with fear.

Lost being accursed,
 Behold thou Him here,
 The vilely transpierced,
 Not made, uncreated,
 The widely diffused,
 Thro' all heaven dilated,

Whom to name none may dare !

Backward driven the stove behind,
 No more to monster form confined,
 It swells, it rages, it mounts on high,
 Away in vapour it fain would fleet ;
 Vain are thy efforts, no aid is nigh,
 Come, crouch thee down at thy master's feet.
 Is it enough, or dost thou require
 To feel the sting of the sacred fire ?

Await not the might
Of the thrice glowing light !
Await not the might
Of the power that hath no measure.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*as the mist rises, comes from behind the stove clad as a travelling scholar*)

Why such a stir ! what is your wisdom's pleasure ?

FAUST

A travelling scholar ! here at last we get
The poodle's kernel ; tis a 'casus' queer.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Right plentifully you have made me sweat,
I beg to compliment you, learned sir !

FAUST

How namest thou thyself ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

This seems to me
A question somewhat mean from one who holdeth
The Word so cheaply—who from show would be
Estranged—who being's depth alone beholdeth.

FAUST

With gentlemen like you most commonly
One may the temper in the name descry,
Since that but all too plainly doth appear

When Fly-god, Liar, and such names we hear ;
So once again I ask, who art thou ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

What

Evil doth ever will and good beget,
A mystic power, a part am I of that.

FAUST

A riddle this ! No, thou must answer yet
In words less unintelligible.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I

The spirit am which ever doth deny,
And rightly doth it. For all things that are
Should perish ; therefore it were better far
That nothing did exist ; all that your kind
Call sin, destruction, death, the whole defined
By that to which one general name is lent
Of evil—is my proper element.

FAUST

Thou call'st thyself a part, and yet a whole I see !

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis that I speak the truth with modesty,
Though that small world of folly, man, it seems,
Himself undoubtingly a whole esteems.
Part of the part I am which first was all,
Part of the darkness whence light first did fall ;

The rebel offspring, proud ambitious light,
That now contests her rule with parent night ;
But bound to bodies it shall strive in vain,
Too firmly clasped, it ne'er shall break that chain.
It streams from bodies. Bodies make it fair.
Control it on its path a body may,
And so we hope its struggles mortal are,
And it like bodies too shall pass away.

FAUST

Now then I know thy dignified employ !
Things in the mass unable to destroy,
Piecemeal to undermine hast thou begun.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay ! and in truth not much as yet have done.
This thing, this clumsy world of woes,
Great as the trouble I have taken,
Remains, at least as yet, unshaken ;
Nor earthquake, fire, flood, or storm
Doth land disturb or ocean harm.
And that damned stuff the brood of beasts and men,
That ever lives, that nothing can o'ercome,
How many thousands vainly I entomb !
Still springs fresh blood and circulates again.
And ever goes it thus ; it well might drive
One mad, to see how air, earth, water strive,
Evolving each its germs a thousandfold,

In wet and dry, in hot and cold the same.
Had I not luckily retained thee, Flame,
I nothing for myself apart might hold.

FAUST

So that cold devil's fist dost thou,
Thus vainly clenched in envious strife,
To that kind Power oppose, whence flow
The ceaseless streams of joyous life !
Some other task go seek thee out,
Strange child of chaos, one more fit.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The matter we will think about,
Hereafter speak we more of it.
But with your leave I now would go.

FAUST

What need is there for such request ?
Since now we one another know,
Pray call whene'er it suits you best ;
Here is the window, here the door,
The chimney too is at your service.

MEPHISTOPHELES

There stands a trifling bar before
Which troubles me I must confess,
The witch's foot the threshold shows.

FAUST

The pentagram then makes thee fear ;
Say, if thy going this oppose,
Thou son of hell, how cam'st thou here?
How was such spirit here ensnared?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Observe it closely, 'tis but ill prepared ;
The farther angle on the outer side
It stands a little open, as you see.

FAUST

A lucky accident it seems for me,
And so my prisoner thou must here abide;
A truly rare and unexpected chance.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The poodle marked not when he would advance ;
Once in, the thing another face doth wear,
Nor make his exit may the devil dare.

FAUST

But wherefore thro' the window not withdraw?

MEPHISTOPHELES

For ghosts and devils there is one fixed law,
There where they enter, there they must away.
To choose the first is free to us alone.

FAUST

Then hell itself hath laws too of its own !
I'm glad of that, since thus a compact may
Even with such gentlemen as you be made.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Whate'er is promised shall be strictly paid,
And naught deducted, but hereafter we
Can speak of this again ; to understand
The matter rightly would some time demand ;
So for this once I pray you set me free.

FAUST

Stop, here a moment please you to remain,
And tell me something novel ere you go.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Pray set me free. I soon am back again,
Then question me on all you wish to know.

FAUST

I lured thee not, but come thou hast
Into the web of thy free will ;
Who holds the devil, hold him fast,
To catch him twice may task thy skill.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, if you like it I'm content to stay;
But since you keep me here for company,
Permit me thro' my arts that I essay,
To make the time pass somewhat pleasantly.

FAUST

Ay, any you prefer to use you're free,
So that the art a pleasing one shall be.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Thou shalt, my friend, in this one hour
More pleasure through thy senses drain,
Than labouring on as heretofore
From years of sameness thou couldst gain.
What the sweet spirits sing to thee,
The lovely visions they unfold
Are no unreal mockery.
But taste thou shalt with joy untold
All that the heart and brain can know
Of pleasure unalloyed with woe,
Nor prefatory charm we need,
We all are here and ready—heed !

SPIRITS

Prison of gloom,
Vanish thy darkness,

Faust.

Shadowy pall
Of arch and of wall,
The mortal beneath,
In the likeness of death
No longer enthrall,

But away !

Hither sweet sky,
Blue depths of ether,
Shine from on high.
Sparkle revolving,
Bright stars dissolving,
The cloud as it passes,
The vapoury masses,
Melt as they fly

A new day.

Milder suns beaming,
Hitherward gleaming,
Are making their flight.
Children of light,
Spirits of love,
From the heaven above
Downward are bending,
Tremulous clinging
Longing desire,
Higher and higher,
With them is winging

Her way.

Fluttering beneath
A many-hued wreath,

Colour the earth is binding,
Decking the bower
Where love's deep power
Is heart with heart inwinding.
Bowers by bowers,
Leafbursting flowers,
Cluster on cluster bowing,
Down-laden the vine,
The sparkling wine
Ceaselessly foaming and flowing,
From wrenching stress
Of the creaking press ;
Streams in their sparkling bed
Are rushing along,
O'er gem and o'er stone,
The amber and ruby red.
The heights are past,
Outspreading fast
They widen a glowing sea,
And far between
Bright hills of green
Are glistening gloriously.
Chasing delight
In their winged flight,
Myriads follow the sun,
Where distant isles
In evening's smiles
Lie floating the waves upon ;
The echoing song

Of a joyous throng
 The mellowing breezes bear,
 Lightly hover
 The green seas over
 The wand'ring troops of the air.
 The heights above
 Those climbing rove,
 Scattered beneath them these;
 The waters skim
 Or listless swim
 On the gently heaving seas.
 Fleeing from strife,
 Seeking the life
 Of the distant far-away,
 Of the stars of love
 That onward move
 In bliss unendingly.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well done, my airy youngsters, ye have sung
 To right good purpose ; for this sleep, among
 My other debts your concert shall be writ ;
 Thou art not yet, my friend, the man to hold the devil :
 Sleep on, in this same pleasant sea of dreams,
 Your senses all with our free leave may revel,
 Whilst we, what this cursed pentagram may split,
 A rat's tooth, seek. But short delay I fear,
 My friends seem plenty and will quickly hear.

The lord and ruler of rats and mice,
Of flies, of frogs, of fleas and lice,
Commands thee forth ; with tooth and claw
This spellbound threshold scratch and gnaw
Where with oil 'tis smeared about.
Ha ! ha ! already you're hopping out.
Quick to the task, your work must mar
The forward angle, the charmed bar ;
Come, one bite more the work is done !
Now, Faust ! till we meet again, sleep on.

FAUST (*awaking*)

How is it? am I then deceived once more,
The spirit realm gone, the vision o'er?
Hath child of hell with lying dreams betrayed?
Was that a poodle and naught else that fled?

STUDY.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST

Who's there? Come in ! What fool must now intrude?

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis I.

FAUST

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Once more.

FAUST

Come in.

MEPHISTOPHELES

So good !

I hope we now shall live in harmony,
 Since your quaint humours forth to chase am I
 Come back A youth right noble pray behold,
 My scarlet doublet how 'tis laced with gold,
 My cloak of silk the stiffest, in my hat
 The brave cock's-feather, and a sword with that
 Of length most fashionable. Come, my friend,
 Bestir yourself, and follow sage advice,
 Off with that musty gown, this moping end,
 A gallant bold we'll have you in a trice;
 Then forth, unbound and free, what life can give
 Try for the once, and tasting truly live.

FAUST

In every garb alike must I endure
 The cramping torture of this life of earth,
 A ceaseless pang no change can ever cure.
 I may not mate me with the joyous throng
 Who live for pleasure—now too old for mirth,
 And yet to live without a wish too young.

What can the world afford me but the dearth
Of all I seek for, all for which I long?
Still 'Thou must do without' unceasing rings
In every ear—the burden of her song
Our whole life thro' each hour hoarsely sings
The one unvarying note—to sleep in vain
I lay me down, to reawake to pain.
Tears, scalding tears, how gladly would I weep
To see that day which would for me fulfil
One wish, one single wish, that would not steep
In bitter fancies with foreboding thrill
Each thought of joy; nor loathsome from my breast
Its fairest fruits with earthy finger wrest.
Night comes—with horror each returning night
My couch I visit, but no longer there
Rest may I hope to find—wild dreams affright—
I wake, and visionary terrors scare.
The God who deep within my bosom dwells,
Swaying with might omnipotent the soul,
My inmost being to His will compels,
But outward things is powerless to control.
A burden thus existence is to me,
And life I hate, and death I fain would see!

MEPHISTOPHELES

A potent guest, but rarely welcome he!

FAUST

O mortal happy, whom in conquest's pride
Arresting death with bloodstained laurel binds.

Oh ! happier still the loved of his heart's bride,
 Whom clasped within her circling arms he finds.
 Oh ! when the godlike working of the soul
 Each sense hath wrapt, thus lifeless had I lain.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And yet one night I saw a well filled bowl
 Which some one did not seem inclined to drain.

FAUST

Ha ! spying ! this then seems thy trade to be.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I'm not all-seeing, but I some things see.

FAUST

Since that ill hour, when sweet and strangely pealing
 With well known tones upon my spirit broke
 A sound of happier times, and childhood's feeling
 Within my labouring breast once more awoke,
 Accursed to me is all that here confining
 By lure and witchery its onward flow,
 All that with false and flattering toils entwining,
 The soul imprisons in this den of woe ;
 Accursed first the lofty thought enwrapping
 The shackled spirit in its selfwrought snare,
 Accursed the outward show of things entrapping
 Our erring senses with unreal glare ;
 Accursed the flattering visions of our dreaming,

The cheat of glory, of surviving fame,
Accursed all that our possessions seeming,
As wife and child, as slave and plough we name ;
Accursed be Mammon, when with heaped-up treasures
He urges headlong on to deeds of dread,
Accursed when minist'ring to idle pleasures,
He smooths the pillow for the sated head.
A curse on thee, thou vine, whose juice allayeth
Pain but a moment. Love, accursed be
Thy balm, and hope and faith that each betrayeth,
But patience, fall the heaviest curse on thee !

CHORUS OF UNSEEN SPIRITS

Woe ! Woe !
Thou hast destroyed it,
The beautiful world,
With thy strong fist.
Stricken and shattered,
In vain 'tis scattered,
A more than mortal the work hath done
Wailing gather
The fragments, thither
Where being hath no existence bear
The perishing wreck,
And in pierceless gloom
For ever entomb
The beauty that was, and is gone !
Son of the earth,
Thou who exceedest

In might thy brethren,
 Quail not now.
 No aid thou askest,
 No helper thou needest,
 In thy bosom rebuild it. Thou,
 Fairer and brighter
 Than that which was,
 Purer and lighter
 Sense shalt cause,
 A stream of existence
 From fountains that stain
 Of trouble ne'er tainted,
 And matchless the strain
 Sweet music shall echo around.

MEPHISTOPHELES

These are my little ones, pretty and wise,
 To deeds and enjoyments they sagely advise.
 From the waste where thy senses and vigour decay,
 From loneliness, hark ! how they call thee away
 To the realm where pleasures abound.
 Come ! cease to cherish thus thy misery,
 That as a vulture battens on thy heart,
 This truth can teach the basest company
 That still amongst mankind a man thou art.
 Yet 'tis not meant to thrust thee rudely forth,
 That thou amongst the vulgar herd shouldst mate ;
 I do not rank me with the proud and great,
 Still you will find that I am something worth,

And should you bend your steps thro' life with me,
We'll doubt not journey on right pleasantly.
Say but the word, you see a comrade brave,
Or what you please, your servant or your slave.

FAUST

Ay, but the price 'twould be as well to hear.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The reckoning? that won't come for many a day.

FAUST

I thank you, but the devil as I fear
An egotist is, and it may be his way
To charge one for his favours somewhat dear.
So speak out plainly ; he who has to deal
With such a servant may suspicious feel.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Here to thy service I myself will bind,
And at thy bidding know not sleep or rest ;
When we hereafter each the other find,
Like service shalt thou do at my behest.

FAUST

Of the hereafter little heed would I,
Did shattered once this world in fragments lie,
Alike to me then be what other will.
I feel no joys but from this earth are won,
I know no pain unlighted by this sun,

Were but this world and I no longer one,
No more I ask thee, fate, thy worst fulfil.
Din not the tale in unregarding ears
That men again shall hate, again shall love,
That other realms exist in other spheres,
One named Below, another named Above.

MEPHISTOPHELES

This is your present humour ! Well we may
Our compact strike at once ; then thou shalt drain
From my full cup of bliss such sweets each day
As mortal lip shall never taste again.

FAUST

What joys, poor devil, can be thine to lend,
Such as thou art ? The heights to which aspire
Man's spirit may, how canst thou comprehend ?
Yet if thou hast the food which leaves desire
Unsatisfied ; the ruddy gold which grasped,
Quicksilver-like the eager hand doth fly ;
A game where no one wins ; a maid who clasped
Within my arms the while with amorous eye
My neighbour lures ; proud honour's diadem,
That with the feeling of a god we wear,
Crowning the toil of life ; the glittering gem
That, like a meteor, vanisheth in air ;
Show me the fruit that ere 'tis plucked doth rot,
The tree that blossoms every day anew.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Gladly I will ; such task affrights me not.
Of gifts like these to give I've not a few.
Yet trust me, my good friend, that by and by
The time will come when we shall feast at ease.

FAUST

If e'er in peace upon my couch I lie,
Then on thy prey destruction freely seize ;
Canst thou but once to self-approval school.
My flattered spirit, thro' thy arts betray
My soul to pleasure, with enjoyment fool,
Be that, whene'er it come, my latest day.
I wager.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Done !

FAUST

My hand in thine I lay.
If ever to the passing hour I cry
' Yet for a moment stay, thou art so fair,'
Forth with thy chain and fettered let me lie,
Gape the abyss and I will enter there.
Then may the death-bell toll, thy debt be paid,
Thy service ended, thenceforth be thou free,
Be stopt the clock, the busy index stayed,
And time that was exist no more for me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Think well on this, our memory is good.

FAUST

Spare thy advice, full justice shalt thou have ;
Such words are uttered not in thoughtless mood.
Thine or another's—I must be a slave,
This do I know, nor further ask I would.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then need no time be lost. I come prepared
By dinner hour my duties to pursue !
But let me beg, 'gainst accidents to guard,
That you will first subscribe a line or two.

FAUST

What thou a pedant ! Thou wouldst write it down.
Are man and man's pledged word to thee unknown?
Is't not enough my spoken word engage
My coming days to all eternity?
Doth not the world in tides unbridled rage,
And shall a simple promise fetter me?
Yet in the heart this fixed delusion reigns,
And who the ruling power would disenthroned,
Happy who truth pure in his breast maintains,
Nought offered for her sake shall he bemoan.
But your dry parchment, written, stamped, and sealed,
A spectre is whose aspect all would fly.

The promise dies within the pen we wield ;
In wax and leather lies the mastery.
What will'st thou, evil spirit? what doth please
Thy taste? Brass, marble, parchment, which of these,
Or what? Name but thy choice and it is done.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Gently, my friend ; why run so hotly on,
And urge your oratory to this mad flight ?
The smallest scrap is for our purpose good,
Subscribe it merely with a drop of blood.

FAUST

If this be all to satisfy thy mind
That thou require, thy whim its course may take.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Blood is a juice of quite peculiar kind.

FAUST

Dismiss all fear that I the bond will break.
The task whereat my every power hath strained
Is that to which I pledge myself—no more ;
Spurned is the narrow sphere to man ordained,
Its bounds are passed to thine, am I come o'er.
The Greater Spirit hath in vain been sought,
Barred are His ways, all access nature foils,
Snapt, ere 'tis finished, every thread of thought,

Long loathe I knowledge with its sickening toils.
 Enough ! the past may perish ! I would still
 All glowing passions in the surging sea
 Of sensual bliss—henceforth let witchcraft fill
 Each charmed hour with unseen mystery,
 Plunge in the rush of time the roll of things,
 Insatiate grasp whate'er the moment flings,
 The throb of joy, the pang of wretchedness,
 Defeat's sharp sting, the rapture of success ;
 Apart or mingled taste what fate may give,
 In restless action man alone should live.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nor end nor limit your free course shall bind
 To orbit measured; be your will to fly
 From change to change, and each in turn to try;
 In all you sip much pleasure may you find.
 Only fall to, and be not over coy !

FAUST

Have I not told thee that I seek not joy ?
 The passions' tumult, agonising bliss,
 Enamoured hate, vexation's sting, to this
 And this alone my bosom I would bare ;
 The thirst for knowledge quenched, all sense of pain
 Which parcelled out mankind by piecemeal share,
 Poured to the very dregs my soul would drain.
 With unstayed spirit singly would I grasp
 Its height and depth, then weal and woe would clasp

To my sole breast. Myself I would extend
Thro' man's whole being, and like that would end.

MEPHISTOPHELES

O take my word for this, who year by year,
For many a century, of such rare feast
Do chew the cud. From cradle to the bier
The leaven old no mortal may digest.
Trust one of race more proved, a whole like this
Can to a God alone unveiled appear,
Who ever in eternal brightness is,
And who to darkness limits our career,
And yours to day and night, your proper sphere.

FAUST

But this I will!

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis well enough to choose,
But still there's one thing which to play this part
Makes difficult—time's short and long is art.
To take advice I trust you'll not refuse.
Find for your friend a poet ; with your leave
The gentleman on fancy's wing shall sweep
The realms of thought; then all he can conceive
Of attributes most noble let him heap
Upon your honoured skull. The lion's mood
When from his dreaded haunts he wanders forth,
The stag's swift foot, the Italian's fiery blood,

The fixed endurance of the hardy north.
Let him for you alone the secret find
To cunning wed with loftiness of mind;
On you a bright example straightway prove
That youth's hot passions do most wisely love.
If in my way such gentleman should fall,
Him Mr. Microcosm I would call !

FAUST

What am I then, if nothing can impart
Humanity's perfection; nothing gain
That crown for which my every sense doth strain?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Thou art from first to last but what thou art.
Set wigs with myriad curls upon thy head,
With outstretched foot on ell-high buskins tread,
Still thou remainest ever what thou art.

FAUST

I feel it ; vainly mid all gifts that own
The mind their master doth my spirit dwell;
When to enjoyment I would lay me down
No newborn vigour from within doth well,
I rise again not higher by a hair,
Nor to the infinite one step more near.

MEPHISTOPHELES

My worthy sir, 'tis this alone you see,
Things as things ever to mankind are shown,
But our affairs to manage better we
Must learn, ere yet the sweets of life be flown.
What would you more? you've hands and feet and head,
You all that constitutes a man possess.
That I enjoy the feast before me spread,
Is it on that account my own the less?
Are not their powers my own if count I can
Six steeds at will to bear me on my road?
Do I not post along, a proper man,
As tho' on four-and-twenty legs I strode?
Come then! away with thought, the path is free,
Step bravely forth and try the world with me.
I tell thee this, the fool like thee who lives
In speculation, fares but as the beast
Some evil spirit in a circle drives
Mid flowering meadows, on a herbless waste.

FAUST

But how begin?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hence instantly away.

Enjoy you martyrdom, that here you stay?
A very pleasant life forsooth you lead,
Plaguing yourself mid youngsters till half dead;

Be wise—to Neighbour Paunch make o'er your trade.
 Should threshing straw be thus your only care?
 If haply by odd grains of truth repaid,
 To share them with the youths you may not dare.
 Here's one ; I hear his footstep at the door.

FAUST

Let him begone. I cannot see him now.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The luckless wight hath tarried full an hour,
 And thus uncomforted he should not go.
 Come ! lend your cap and gown, the dress will fit
 My person to a hair. I've tried of yore. [*Puts it on*
 The rest may be entrusted to my wit.
 'Tis but ten minutes' work ; while you equip
 I'll do the job ; then start we on our trip.
[*Exit* FAUST

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in FAUST'S gown &c.*)

Man's hold of strength but once despise,
 From reason's light and knowledge freed,
 Thy spirit let the god of lies
 With magic and delusions feed,
 Then art thou mine, fast are thy chains,
 Fate hath to him a spirit given
 Whose strength unbridled restless strains
 With reckless course, and onward driven

O'erbounds the good which earth contains.
But I will drag him thro' this heaven
He seeks, thro' wilds of lawless life,
In flat unmeaningness to sprawl,
Bewildered, helpless mid the strife
Of scenes incongruous, where all
His eager lip shall mock, nor aught
The food for which he prays shall yield,
That were his doom from hell unbought,
'Twere still irrevocably sealed.

A STUDENT (*enters*)

Most reverend sir, pray pardon me,
For eager zeal that thus would seek
A man in thee to hear and see,
Whose praises every tongue doth speak.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Your wish is flattering, but there's naught
In me but find you elsewhere may ;
Am I the first whom you have sought ?

STUDENT

Yes, and your aid I fain would pray ;
Here am I come in willing mood,
With gold enough and youthful blood ;
My mother scarce with me would part,
But thirst for learning lured my heart.

MEPHISTOPHELES

To the right well your course is ta'en.

STUDENT

Yet strange, I wish me forth again.
In truth I could not like these halls ;
Pent up within their gloomy walls,
This small dull space where nothing green,
No grass, no flower, no tree is seen.
Amid these desks my senses sink,
I hardly hear or see or think.

MEPHISTOPHELES

That comes with habit ; thus at first
Will turn him from the mother's breast
The testy babe ; once slaked his thirst,
How soon ~~with~~ eager lip 'tis pressed.
And so at Wisdom's breast shall you
Each day more pleased your task renew.

STUDENT

But tell me, thou, the means I must employ
Her neck to gain, and there I'll hang with joy.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, that no further time be lost,
What faculty doth please you most ?

STUDENT

I wish well learned in all to be,
 Whate'er the earth contains to see,
 The things in heaven to comprehend,
 And wisdom's scope, and nature's end.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You've hit the track! now go but on,
 And live for this and this alone.

STUDENT

To it my heart and soul I lay,
 But summer come, I must confess,
 With now and then a holiday
 I should not like my task the less.

MEPHISTOPHELES *her.*

Misuse not time, too quickly it is gone,
 And yet by order's aid may time be won.
 Thereto, dear friend, my counsel is that you
 Firstly your mind with logic well imbue;
 Through this the intellect becomes well paced,
 And walks in Spanish boots so tightly laced
 That it the path of thought doth henceforth tread
 With cautious circumspection, and we dread
 No more lest ignis-fatuus-like it bound
 From right to left, and quit the well-tried ground.

Next you may learn, for all you've learned as yet
With no more trouble than to drink and eat,
If patiently the study you pursue,
That one, two, three are requisite thereto.
In truth 'tis with the fabric of man's thought
As with the web by skilful weaver wrought,
A thousand threads bestirs a single throw,
Like lightning flies the shuttle to and fro,
The gliding threads unseen are interwound,
A thousand ties at every blow are bound.
Here the philosopher steps in, and this
He straightway shows you must be as it is ;
The first was so, and so hath been the second,
Thus surely so may third and fourth be reckoned.
'Tis clear if first and second were not, then
The third and fourth could have by no means been ;
Students of every land in this believers,
Go where you will you'll find, but none turn weavers.
He who a living subject would lay bare,
To drive the spirit out is his first care,
Then makes his hand each hidden part its own.
Unluckily, the vital bond is gone !
'Encheiresis naturæ' calls this chemistry,
And, pleased herself, she mocks unconsciously.

STUDENT

Excuse me ! This I don't quite comprehend.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Not yet, but soon you will when for this end
All things to properly reduce you learn,
And classify them, each one in its turn.

STUDENT

I hope so : but your words my brain confound
As if a mill-wheel in my head turned round.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then closely other matters ere you try
Your mind with metaphysics you must ply,
And deeply thinking, spare yourself no pains
To clasp whatever fits not human brains ;
For what may be, or not be, in your head
A well-coined word will serve you in its stead.
The first half year I strongly recommend
That you in strictest order all attend
Five lectures regularly every day ;
As the clock strikes be ever in the way
With paragraphs well conned, the choicest mode
To keep your knowledge in the beaten road ;
For thus prepared, you can more easily look
That he says nothing writ not in the book.
Yet write away without a moment lost,
As did dictate to you the Holy Ghost.

STUDENT

This needs no second telling, one may come
 At once to comprehend the benefit,
 For what is written down, in black and white
 Secured, in comfort he may carry home.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, but as yet no faculty you name.

STUDENT

With jurisprudence I could never bear.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Its merits when we scan I must say there,
 In my opinion, you're not much to blame ;
 Laws, like disease hereditary, down
 One generation to the next transmits,
 From place to place they smoothly progress on,
 With grasp which seizes still but never quits.
 Reason is folly made, well-doing wrong.
 A grandson, thou ! thy back had need be strong ;
 Laws born with us, indeed, concerning these
 We feel quite sure, no question ever is.

STUDENT

My old distaste redoubles with thy speech,
 How happy he whom thou vouchsaf'st to teach !
 I almost think theology I'll try.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I would not you should err incautiously.
A science this amid its paths who strays,
Hath no light task the true one to secure,
Much hidden poison lies in all its ways,
So masked we scarce can tell it from the cure.
The safest rule which prudence here affords,
Is hear but one and swear your master's words
In general—on words you should depend ;
Thro' the sure gate your course you then will bend,
And straightway Certainty's proud temple gain.

STUDENT

But still the word some meaning must contain.

MEPHISTOPHELES

O to be sure ; but you should never care
Too anxiously for that ; fails meaning there
Steps in the word and makes the matter plain.
On words disputes are admirably grounded,
On words may systems most with ease be founded,
On words a man most safely may believe ;
A word one jot may neither lose nor give.

STUDENT

I pray your pardon. Altho' much I fear
I ask too many questions, still from you,
So ably you discourse, a word or two

On medicine with pleasure I would hear.
 To compass all three years, the time applied
 For this, God knows the field is far too wide.
 If even a hint by any means we get,
 How slight soe'er, it helps us on our way.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside*)

Enough ! this prose grows dull we've tried as yet,
 In style more fit the devil I now must play.

Aloud] Far easier medicine's spirit to unfold,
 With toil thro' great and little world you plod,
 That things may in the end their course so hold,
 As pleases God.

Their time in deep research the foolish lose,
 Each only that doth learn that learn he can,
 Who best the happy moments knows to use,
 He is the proper man.

You're passably well built, to add but mind
 Becoming boldness, to yourself be true.
 If in yourself you do but trust, you'll find
 That other souls will freely trust you too.
 But women you must chiefly make your care,
 Their many-toned and endless ahs ! and ohs !

The wise man knows.

From one point only to be cured they are ;
 Plague not yourself with doubts and idle fears,
 Feign due respect, but ever act with ease.
 A title too their confidence will gain ;
 Your undisputed skill thro' this one sees

At welcome, then you one and all obtain
Those favours others labour for for years.
Adroitly learn the throbbing pulse to press,
And clasp the tapering waist with bold address,
Scanning the hip the while with earnest eye,
'That it be not too tightly laced,' to try.

STUDENT

Well, here at least the where and how we see.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Grey, my dear friend, is all our theory ;
Not so, but green the golden tree of life.

STUDENT

My thoughts as in a dream are all at strife.
Perhaps more fully on some future day
Its principles your wisdom will display.

MEPHISTOPHELES

So far as lies it in my power I'll do.

STUDENT

Without one more request I cannot go.
My commonplace-book this, upon a leaf
Perhaps some mark of favour you'll vouchsafe.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Gladly !

[Writes and gives it back

STUDENT (*reads*)

Eritis sicut Deus scientes bonum et malum.

[*Closes the book with reverence and leaves*]

MEPHISTOPHELES

Heed you the promise and my friend the serpent,
Your 'God-resembling' you will soon repent !

FAUST (*enters*)

Where now our course ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Where'er it pleases you.

The little world seen, the greater world we'll view ;
How you will revel on the blissful way
Where untold joys shall every step repay !

FAUST

But then this grizzly beard and gown,
And all life's lighter arts unknown,
Th' attempt must fail ; it cannot be,
I and the world could ne'er agree.
With other men in contact come,
I ne'er could feel myself at home.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Cheap wares, my friend, you want ; they're easily earned.
Yourself once trust, the art of life is learned.

FAUST

But forth from hence how should we ride?
Here neither steeds nor servants are.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We need but spread my mantle wide,
It soon will waft us high and far.
Since bold the trip we make, 'twere well
Our bundle should be somewhat small ;
Well mixed, a little fiery air
Will serve us both aloft to bear.
If light we mount, dismiss your fear,
Right: welcome to your new career !

*AUERBACH'S WINE VAULTS IN LEIPSIC.**(Club-room of Boon Companions.)*

FROSCH

Will no one laugh, will no one booze?
Another tune I'll make you choose.
Wet straw were livelier stuff to-day,
Yet other times you blaze away.

BRANDER

The fault's your own, you might at least,
If joke you can't, perform the beast.

FROSCH (*throws a glass of wine at his head*)

Well, both I will !

BRANDER

You swinish brute !

FROSCH

No more I've done than grant your suit !

SIEBEL

Out with the knave who quarrels, out !
With open heart sing, Runda ! swill and shout !
Hurrah ! huzza !

ALTMAYER

Alas, my ears ! I'm dead.
Bring cotton quick ! the villain splits my head.

SIEBEL

When the vault echoes, then alone
Is felt the power of your true bass's tone.

FROSCH

Right ! out with him who finds amiss aught here.
A tara, lara !

ALTMAYER

Tara, lara da !

FROSCH

Our throats are tuned and clear.

[*sings*]

Our Holy Roman Empire dear,
How holds it still together !

BRANDER

A beastly song ! a song political !
Faugh ! an offensive song, in each day's prayer
Thank God this Roman Empire's not your care.
Mine I at least esteem a happy lot,
That Emperor or Chancellor I'm not.
But since 'tis fit that all a head respect,
We too a Pope will properly elect ;
You know the gifts and qualities that can
Our votes ensure and elevate the man !

FROSCH (*sings*)

Sweet nightingale with outspread wing,
Fond greetings to my loved one bring.

SIEBEL

No greetings here ! we no such trash will have !

FROSCH

Greetings and kisses too, without your leave ! [*sings*]

Open bolts at night's approach,
Open bolts when lovers watch,
Bolts be to, with dawning day.

SIEBEL

Ay, sing ! sing on and praise her while you may ;
 My turn to laugh will come and quickly too.
 Me she deceived, she'll do as much for you.
 May some foul 'Kobold' win her love I pray,
 And scurvy tricks with her on cross-roads play ;
 Some old he-goat who back from Blocksberg hies,
 Bleating good night to her as off he flies.
 A hearty youth of proper flesh and blood,
 For such deceitful wench were far too good.
 No, I'll no greeting, or but one allow,
 And that shall be the smashing of her window !

BRANDER (*striking the table*)

Enough ! enough ! attend to me ;
 You'll grant, my masters, life I know.
 Since here sit lovesick folks I see,
 'Twere best what may with them agree
 For good night we bestow.
 Silence ! a song i' the newest cut !
 A rousing chorus mind you put !

[*sings*]

A rat his home a cellar made,
 He lived on fat and butter,
 A jolly paunch he quickly had
 Were fit for Dr. Luther ;
 The cook she poisoned pan and pot,
 Then soon he felt the world too hot,
 As love 'twere in his body.

CHORUS (*shouting*)

As love 'twere in his body.

BRANDER

He first ran in, he then ran out,
Puddle and pool assailing,
He gnawed, he scratched the house about,
His rage was unavailing;
By spring and bound with pain he strove,
But soon the poor beast had enough,
As love 'twere in his body.

CHORUS

As love 'twere in his body.

BRANDER

He came through pain in open day
Into the kitchen running,
Fell on the hearth and panting lay
Most pitiably groaning;
The poisoner then she mocked his moan,
Ha ! ha ! your piping's out of tune,
As love 'twere in your body.

CHORUS

As love 'twere in your body

SIEBEL

How they enjoy the stuff, the loutish flats !
A pretty task is this, a noble art
To scatter poison for poor luckless rats !

BRANDER

Your friends no doubt, you rightly take their part.

ALTMAYER

Bald-pated paunch, his fate with theirs agrees !
How tame mischance his heart hath made,
Here in the swollen rat he sees
His image to the life portrayed.

Enter FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now first and foremost here must I
Provide you merry company,
That you may learn how some at least
Can make their life a daily feast.
With little wit, but ceaseless glee,
Their round of pleasure never fails,
While kitten-like they chase their tails ;
And if from headache only free,
So long as host will credit give,
Blest and unplagued by care they live.

BRANDER

They're lately off a journey come,
Their manner shows hey're not at home,
An hour hardly are they here.

FROSCH

You're right by Jove, be praised our Leipsic dear !
The little Paris gives the proper air.

SIEBEL

Who think you then the strangers be ?

FROSCH

Come, ere a well-filled glass one drains
I'll worm it out ; leave that to me ;
A baby's tooth shall ask more pains.
A noble's look in both I view,
They're proud and discontented too.

BRANDER

They're quacks or mountebanks, I lay !

ALTMAYER

They are.

FROSCH

I'll smoke them then ; here goes !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST)

These folks the devil never nose,
Though clutch their very throats he may.

FAUST

Good morrow, gentlemen !

SIEBEL

Good morrow, sirs.

[*In an undertone looking askant at* MEPHISTOPHELES
What halts the fellow when a foot he stirs ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

With your permission we will seat us here,
And if indifferent wine the place affords,
Good company at least our wits will cheer.

ALTMAYER

The dainty gentlemen bespeak your words.

FROSCH

'Twould seem from ' Rippach ' you have lately come.
Pray did you sup with Mr. Hans when there ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

We thought to-day he might not be at home ;
Last time we made it our especial care,
His cousins made the burden of his speech,
He charged us with his compliments to each. ¶

[*With an inclination to* FROSCH

ALTMAYER (*aside*)

You've caught it ! he's awake.

SIEBEL

A knowing blade !

FROSCH

Well wait ! I'll have him soon, be ne'er afraid.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Just now we heard, or much I err,
Voices well tuned in chorus sound.
Methinks the song must nobly here
From these deep vaulted roofs rebound.

FROSCH

You boast a virtuoso's skill ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

O no, the power is weak though strong the will.

ALTMAYER

Come, then, a song !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, if it pleases you.

SIEBEL

Only take care the piece be spick span new !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Trust me, it shall. Direct from Spain we come,
Delicious land of wine and song the home! [*sings*]

An age ago, or nearly,
A king he had a flea.

FROSCH

Hark to the flea ! well, mind you, that's no jest ;
A flea, by Jove, must be a pleasant guest ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

An age ago, or nearly,
A king he had a flea,
This flea he loved him dearly,
As his own son were he.
He bade to call his tailor,
And to his tailor spake :
Come measure me this youngster,
And coat and breeches make.

BRANDER

The tailor ! bravo ! mind that you impose
The strictest charge to measure to a hair ;
And as his head perchance he may hold dear
To see there be no wrinkle in the hose.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*continuing*)

In velvet and in satin
He now was duly drest,
He jewels had his hat in,
And crosses on his breast.
The minister he soon did play,
And had a diamond star ;
His brothers and his sisters, they
At Court great people were.

The lords and ladies of the Court
They soon were plagued full sore ;
The queen and maids of every sort
Were pricked and bit all o'er.
Yet crack they did not dare to,
Nor scratch nor make a fuss ;
We crack, and little care do,
Whoever pricks at us !

CHORUS (*shouting*)

We crack, and little care do,
Whoever pricks at us !

FROSCH

Bravo! bravo! capital!

SIEBEL

So may it every flea befall.

BRANDER

Nab them fast with finger fine !

ALTMAYER

Long live freedom ! long live wine !

MEPHISTOPHELES

A glass to freedom ! sooth, 'twere not amiss
Were your wine somewhat better than it is !

SIEBEL

Venture you'd best no more remarks like this !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Our hosts 'twould give offence, I am afraid.
Else from our private cellar, with their leave,
Something our worthy guests at once should have.

SIEBEL

Out with it quick ! on me the blame be laid.

FROSCH

Let but your wine be good we'll praise it well,
Only take care the samples be not small ;
For if my judgment you would have with truth,
'Twere indispensable you fill my mouth !

ALTMAYER

They're from the Rhine. I thought as much before.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Bring here a gimlet!

BRANDER

Pray this trouble spare,
Surely you've not your wine-butts at the door!

ALTMAYER

The landlord's tool-chest lies behind you there.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*takes a gimlet*) (*to FROSCH*)

Come, tell me now what liquor would you taste?

FROSCH

What mean you, have you then so many kinds?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Each man shall have whatever best he finds!

ALTMAYER (*to FROSCH*)

Ha! ha! this makes you smack your lips in haste.

FROSCH

Good! then Rhine wine I choose without more words,
The best of gifts our fatherland affords!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*while boring a hole in the table opposite to FROSCH*)

Get wax to make some stoppers ; come, be quick !

ALTMAYER

Pooh ! it's a cheat, some scurvy juggler's trick.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to BRANDER*)

And you ?

BRANDER

Champagne's the wine for me,
Champagne I choose, right sparkling let it be.

[MEPHISTOPHELES bores ; *meanwhile one of the party has made stoppers and stops the holes*

BRANDER

One cannot always what is foreign spare,
Good lies, alas ! too often far from home ;
A German true your Frenchman cannot bear,
Yet, would he drink, their wines right welcome come.

SIEBEL (*while MEPHISTOPHELES approaches*)

Your acid stuff with me it finds no grace,
Give me a glass of something strong and sweet.

MEPHISTOPHELES

To you, my friend, Tokay I'll quickly mete.

ALTMAYER

Halt, gentlemen ! Come, look me in the face,
I plainly see on us you try your jests.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ha ! ha ! to joke with such distinguished guests
That certainly would be a thought too bold ;
But quick, speak out, and let your wish be told ;
I stand prepared to serve the wine you choose.

ALTMAYER

Give what you please, not time in asking lose.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*all the holes being bored and stopped,
with strange gestures*)

Grapes are the vine's fruit !
Horns bears the he goat !
Wine is juicy. Vines are wood.
The table wooden can yield as good.

Deep knowledge of nature the power it hath ;
Here is a miracle, only have faith !
Now draw the stoppers, and your glasses fill !

ALL (*while they draw out the stoppers, and the wine
chosen by each runs into his glass*)

O springs delicious ! forth for us you well !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now take good care no drop of it you spill.

[*They drink repeatedly*]

ALL (*singing*)

As cannibals right merry we!

Five hundred lusty swine.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The folks are happy now! behold their bliss!

FAUST

Enough—I see it; hence! 'tis time we go.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Wait yet a little, and their brutishness

I promise you itself will plainly show.

SIEBEL (*drinks carelessly, the wine is spilt, and turns
to flame*)

Help! fire! help! Hell earth has rent!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Quiet thee, friendly element; [To his neighbour

This time 'tis but a drop from purgatory.

SIEBEL

What's that? but wait! for this you dearly pay:

You little know on whom your tricks you vent.

FROSCH

Ay ! this with us he'd better not repeat.

ALTMAYER

'Twere well to get him quietly away.

SIEBEL

What, sirrah ! Think you thus presume you may,
Us with your hocus-pocus here to treat ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Silence, old wine-butt !

SIEBEL

Broomstick base,
Will you commence your insolence again ?

BRANDER

Down with the knave, I say ; stout blows shall rain.

ALTMAYER (*draws a stopper out of the table, fire bursts
out against him*)

I burn ! I burn !

SIEBEL

'Tis hellish witchcraft, see !
Your knives ! strike home ! the villain's life is free !
[*They draw their knives and advance on*
MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with earnest gestures*)

Word and form strange,
Sense and object change,
Hither, thither, range.

[*They stand amazed, and stare at each other*

ALTMAYER

Where am I? what a lovely land!

FROSCH

Vines! if my eyes see right, and grapes at hand!

BRANDER

Through leafy bowers of green they peer.
See, what a stem! see, what a bunch is here!

[*Seizes SIEBEL by the nose; the rest do the same
one to another, and raise their knives*

MEPHISTOPHELES

Loose error from their eyes the band!
Mark you how jests the devil plays.

[*He vanishes with FAUST. The others let go
each other*

SIEBEL

What's this?

ALTMAYER

How now?

FROSCH

Your nose it was ?

BRANDER (*to* SIEBEL)

And yours, too, hold I in my hand ?

ALTMAYER

Heavens, what a shock ! I'm palsied all !
A chair, or I shall surely fall !

FROSCH

Ho ! what has happened ? tell me, pray !

SIEBEL

Where is the knave ? but find him me,
His life for this shall surely pay.

ALTMAYER

Sure am I, him I hence did see
Upon a wine cask ride away.
My feet are shod with lead, I feel.

[*Turns himself towards the table*

Hold ! can this wine be running still ?

SIEBEL

'Twas all some lying, cheating prank.

FROSCH

And yet I'm sure 'twas wine I drank.

BRANDER

But then the grapes, how this explain ?

ALTMAYER

Now tell me, who'll doubt miracles again ?

THE WITCHES' KITCHEN.

On a low hearth hangs a large cauldron over the fire; in the steam which rises from it appear various figures. A SHE MONKEY sits by the cauldron skimming it, and taking care that it does not run over. The HE MONKEY with his young ones sits near at hand and warms himself. The walls and roof are hung with the strangest articles of Witch Furniture.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST

This crazed pursuit of magic how I loathe !
 And would'st thou say my proper cure, forsooth,
 In this abode of madness find shall I ?
 What, an old woman's council do I need !
 And shall my body, by such cookery,
 From rust of thirty years be straightway freed ?
 Alas ! if thou no better means dost know,
 My latest hope I feel already gone ;

Rate nature and the spirit then so low,
That not one balsam for this end they own.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Like a wise man, my friend, thou speak'st again.
True, natural means there are to compass it.
But then another book doth this contain,
And in a most strange chapter it is writ.

FAUST

This well I know.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Good ! would'st thou means that need
Nor gold, nor drug, nor witchcraft to possess?
Up, and betake thee to the field with speed,
Where thou the earth may'st hack, and dig, and dress,
To keep thyself and sense within the bounds
Of this thy narrow circle, duly care,
Nourish thy body with unseasoned fare,
Nor heed the idle riot that surrounds ;
Live with the beast as beast, disdain not thou
Thyself to dung the acre thou dost reap.
These are the best of means, in sooth, I know,
A man at eighty years still young to keep.

FAUST

To this I am not used, nor bear could I
With weary hand the labouring spade to ply.
This narrow sphere of life could ne'er be mine.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, then, at last the witch we must call in.

FAUST

But why this hag's assistance should we need?
To brew the drink, art thou thyself unskilled?

MEPHISTOPHELES

A pretty pastime 'twere for me, indeed!
A thousand bridges in less space I'd build.
Science for this will not suffice alone,
With toil and patience must the job be done;
A noiseless spirit is at work for years,
With time, the fine distilment's strength appears;
The many things 'tis needful to prepare,
Ingredients rare to find, and wondrous too;
The devil himself, 'tis true, hath taught it her,
But still the drink himself he cannot brew.

[*Looking at the MONKEYS*

See the attendants, how pretty the pair,
We've the man-servant here and the maid-servant there!

[*To the Beasts*

Where is the dame? you are here alone.

MONKEYS

There's feasting abroad, she is up and gone,
Out and away, by the chimney stone.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Lasts long the revel? when comes she back?

MONKEYS

What time to warm our paws we take.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*)

Are they not delicate creatures these?

FAUST

Brutes more disgusting I ne'er did see!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, for my part, such converse me,
Of all things on earth, it the most doth please.

[*To the MONKEYS*

Ye whelps accursed, come tell me both,
What twirl ye there in the porridge about?

MONKEYS

We are cooking a mess of beggar's broth.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Then guests will be plenty, there's little doubt!

HE MONKEY (*approaches and fawns on MEPHISTOPHELES*)

Throw the dice
Once or twice,

Make me rich, let me win,
 Hard my lot !
 Gold I've not,
 Else were I my senses in !

MEPHISTOPHELES

How happy were our good ape could he but
 By any means into the lottery put !

*[During this time the YOUNG MONKEYS have been
 playing with a large ball, and roll it forwards*

HE MONKEY

The world a ball,
 Doth rise and fall,
 We rolling follow ;
 Like glass doth ring
 The brittler thing ;
 Within 'tis hollow ;
 It glitters o'er
 Here much, there more.
 Our life we cherish !
 Child of my heart,
 Hold thee apart !
 Thou must perish.
 Of clay it is,
 Remember this,
 There are potsherds garish !

MEPHISTOPHELES

What means the sieve?

HE MONKEY (*takes it down*)

Wert thou a thief,

I thee should quickly know.

[*He runs to the SHE MONKEY and makes her look through*

Look thro' the sieve,

Behold'st the thief,

And dar'st not name him thou?

MEPHISTOPHELES

And this huge pot?

BOTH MONKEYS

The brainless sot,

He knows not the pot,

He knows not the kettle.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Unmannerly brute!

HE MONKEY

The whisk doth suit.

Here! take it and sit on the settle!

FAUST (*who all this time has been standing before a mirror, now approaching, now drawing back*)What do I see? a form how heavenly fair
Lies pictured here within the magic glass!

To her blest sphere, O grant me, love, to pass,
 And my frail strength on thy swift wing upbear.
 Bound to one spot, alas ! must I remain,
 Approach forbidden ; would I draw me near,
 Wrapt in a veil of mist, she doth appear.
 No woman form so fair shall wear again ;
 Can woman be as she is imaged here ?
 Behold in these fair outstretched limbs how plain
 Each heavenly essence in a single sphere !
 Doth then such being make the earth its home ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Why, when a God first plagued himself six days,
 And when his work is ended bravo says,
 Of course from this must something clever come !
 Here for the present you your fill may gaze ;
 Just such another prize my search doth bide.
 How happy he who the good fortune has
 To bear her with him to his home a bride !

[FAUST continues to look into the mirror ; MEPHISTOPHELES, stretching himself on the settle and playing with the whisk, goes on speaking

Here sit I like a king upon his throne,
 My sceptre this ! I only want the crown.

THE MONKEYS (*who have been playing all kinds of strange tricks with each other, bring MEPHISTOPHELES a crown with loud cries*)

O ! be thou so good
With sweat and with blood
The crown to unite !

[*They handle the crown awkwardly and break it into two pieces, with which they jump about*

'Tis done, we are free,
We hear and we see,
We rhyme and recite !

FAUST (*opposite the glass*)

Alas ! my brain grows crazed, no more I dare !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*pointing to the MONKEYS*)

Sooth ! my own head is almost giddy now.

MONKEYS

If lucky we are,
If fortune is fair,
Thoughts will follow !

FAUST (*as before*)

A scorching flame consumes my aching breast,
Away ! away ! I dare not linger here.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*in the same position*)

Well, come, we this much must allow at least,
Whate'er their skill our poets are sincere.

[*The cauldron which the SHE MONKEY has neglected begins to boil over; a great flame rises and rushes up through the chimney. The WITCH comes flying down through the flame with horrible cries*

THE WITCH

Ough! ough! ough! ough!
Damned beast, cursed sow!
To quit the cauldron darest thou!
Cursed brute! nor fear
Thy dame to sear.

[*Seeing FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES*

Who enters here?

What would you now?

Get ye aback!

May hell-flame rack

Your inmost bones with fire and ache!

[*She dips the ladle into the cauldron, and sprinkles flames at FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES, and the MONKEYS. The MONKEYS whimper*

MEPHISTOPHELES (*whirling the whisk which he holds in his hand, strikes amongst the pots and glasses*)

Fly fragments, fly!
Broth scattered lie

With glass and bowl.
 A measure droll,
 Thou carrion foul !
 Here I beat to thy melody.

[The WITCH draws back full of rage and amazement

Know'st thou me now, thou scarecrow skeleton?
 Dost thou at length thy lord and master know?
 What holds me that I lay not stoutly on,
 And crush thee and thy monkey spirits too?
 How ! no respect to the red doublet yield?
 This, the cock's-feather, canst thou not descry?
 Have I this visage haply so concealed
 That name myself to thee perforce must I?

WITCH

O master, pray ! forgive my questions bold.
 Surely no cloven foot I here behold !
 And your two ravens too ! where are they gone?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, on this plea come off for once you may,
 In truth I now bethink me many a day
 Hath passed since I myself to thee have shown ;
 And fashion, too, that all things licks to shape,
 The devil himself from this finds no escape.
 The northern phantom from the world withdraws,
 Where now behold'st thou horns or tail or claws?

As to the foot, which I as yet can't spare,
 In company 'twould do me serious hurt ;
 Therefore for several years I have ta'en good care
 Like many younger men false calves to sport !

THE WITCH (*dancing*)

My senses fail outright with glee!
 The gallant Satan here I see !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Woman ! that name I strait forbid it thee.

WITCH

Wherefore ? what mischief hath it done ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

To story-books 't has been too long consigned ;
 Men seem not much the better. Although gone
 The wicked one, the wicked still we find.
 So call me baron now, the title's good ;
 A cavalier I am as others are.
 Thou surely canst not doubt my noble blood,
 See here displayed the ancient arms I bear.

[*Makes an unseemly gesture*]

THE WITCH (*laughs immoderately*)

Ha ! ha ! thy way of old. From this I ween
 The wag thou art that thou hast ever been.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST)

Attend to this, my friend, and mark it well :
This is the way with witches you must deal.

THE WITCH

Now tell me, master, what's your will?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Bring here the juice you know of. Fill
A bumper good, and of your oldest stock ;
Time can alone the proper strength instil.

THE WITCH

With pleasure. See on yonder shelf
A flask I sometimes taste myself ;
It does not in the slightest stink.
A glass of this I'll gladly give.

Aside] If haply unprepared this man should drink,
Another hour thou knowst he cannot live !

MEPHISTOPHELES

O, he's a friend of mine, and it will serve him.
I grudge him not the best your pot affords.
Come, draw your circle ! speak your words !
Forth with the glass and fill it to the brim !

[WITCH *with strange gestures draws a circle, places strange articles within it ; while this is doing the glasses begin to ring, the cauldron to sound and make music ; lastly, she brings a great book, places the MONKEY in the circle, who serves for a desk and holds the torch. She makes a sign to FAUST to draw near*

FAUST (*to* MEPHISTOPHELES)

But why all this ! more have we than enough !
 These frantic gestures and this crazy stuff,
 The loathsome trash, the paltry jingling cheat,
 Full well I know, and know it but to hate.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Pooh ! tricks of course, but we must pass them by ;
 Don't be so very critical, I pray.
 A doctor ! She must hocus-pocus ply,
 That duly operate her physic may.

THE WITCH (*makes* FAUST *enter the circle. Begins to*
declaim with great emphasis out of the book)

To thee be known
 Ten made from one,
 When two is gone,
 And even three,
 That rich you be !
 Pass o'er the four,
 From five, six each,
 The Witch doth teach.
 Seven made and eight,
 The end thou art at.
 And nine is one,
 And ten is none.

This is the Witch's one times one !

FAUST

The dame methinks doth well-nigh rave !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Much more of this we yet shall have ;
I know it well, the whole book jingles that.
Here have I lost full many an hour at school !
For this your contradiction flat
A secret like remains to wise man and to fool.
My friend, the art is old and new
The way 't hath been for countless ages.
Thro' two and one, and one and two,
To blot out truth with error's pages.
Thus man doth prate and teach at will ;
Who plagues himself with making dolts his care ?
Of words but give mankind their fill,
They never doubt that meaning must be there.

WITCH (*continues*)

The mighty power
Of wisdom's lore,
From all the world 'tis hidden !
Who thinketh not
The gift hath got,
And got it too, unbidden !

FAUST

What can this rhyming nonsense be ?
My head grows wild with its mad clatter,

I seem in chorus, close to me,
To hear ten thousand idiots chatter.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Enough! enough! thou queen of hags, thy cup
Bring hither now, and to the brim fill up.
Let there not one drop's space unfilled remain;
The draught will harm him not, but vigour lend.
A man of many grades is this, my friend,
Gulps good and many he ere now hath ta'en.

[The WITCH with many ceremonies pours the liquor into the cup; as FAUST places it to his lips a light flame arises

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come, come! be quick; down with it, down!
The draught will soon thy heart's blood warm,
Thou with the devil wouldst be one,
And flame can thus thy fears alarm!

[The WITCH breaks the circle, FAUST steps out
Now out at once, rest mayst not thou.

THE WITCH

Much may thy drinking benefit!

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to the WITCH*)

If I a favour thee can do,
Remind me of it on Walpurgis Night!

THE WITCH

Here is a song, at times to sing it try,
Th' effect desired most wondrously 'twill speed.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Quick ! follow me, where hence in haste I lead,
That thou perspire, and copiously, there's need;
To make the juice work thro' thee thoroughly,
Its turn must idleness awhile await,
But thou at length with inward joy elate,
Shalt feel brisk Cupid bound, and hither, thither fly.

FAUST

The glass ! the glass ! O I could look me blind !
That woman form, alas ! 'twas too, too fair !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Nay, nay ! the model of all women find
In flesh and blood we shall, not far from here.
Aside] My friend, with this drink in your carcase, you
In every jade a Helen soon would view !

THE STREET.

FAUST, MARGARET (*passing by*).

FAUST

Fair lady, let me offer you, I pray,
Aid of my arm, and escort on your way.

MARGARET

I'm neither fair nor lady; home
I hence can go as I have come.

[Disengages herself and goes

FAUST

By heaven, she is a lovely child,
So fair a form I ne'er beheld,
Such modest maidenly address,
Curbed with a pretty snappishness.
That lip's bright red, that cheek of light,
Will ever haunt me, day and night !
The impress of her downcast eyes,
How deep within my heart it lies !
How sharp the short reply she gave,
It makes one's soul with rapture rave !

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

Hark ! thou must win for me that maid with haste.

MEPHISTOPHELES.

Which meanest thou ?

FAUST

Her who was just now here.

MEPHISTOPHELES

What, her ? She came that moment from the priest,
Whose word of every sin hath made her clear ;
The chair for some few minutes I stood near.
It is a little thoughtless innocent,
Who for mere nothing to confession went ;
O'er such as she thou know'st no power I hold.

FAUST

Why, fourteen years and upwards she has told.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Thou speak'st, my friend, like a rank profligate,
Who deems each flower but blooms his wish to sate,
And thinks nor palm nor favour there should be,
The which to pluck at will he stand not free ;
But ne'er the less this will not always do.

FAUST.

Good Mr. Preacher, pray do thou
 Let this thy moralising rest in peace.
 I tell thee now, and in a word 'tis said,
 If this sweet maiden be not by thy aid
 This very eve within my arms laid,
 Our league at midnight shall for ever cease.

MEPHISTOPHELES

But think a moment first what can be done ;
 Full fourteen days would be required alone
 For this to find the opportunity.

FAUST

Should I of seven hours but make good use,
 Such a mere child I think me to seduce,
 The devil's assistance hardly need should I.

MEPHISTOPHELES

How like a Frenchman you do talk of late !
 Don't, I entreat you, thus yourself annoy.
 What use your wish thus headlong to enjoy,
 The pleasure is not by one half so great
 As when with nonsense choice on every side
 The puppet first you leisurely have plied,
 Till fitly kneaded, to your will 'tis wrought.
 So in the best Italian tales we're taught.

FAUST

But appetite I have without all this.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay ! but now once for all no jest it is.
I tell you, you must calm your haste,
The matter runs not quite so fast ;
By storm can nothing here be done,
The maiden must by art be won.

FAUST

O bring me of my love some trace !
O bear me to her resting place !
A kerchief that hath wrapt her breast,
A garter once by her possest !

MEPHISTOPHELES

That you may see I do my best
To aid and further here your interest,
An hour we will not lose, but you to-day
Hence to her chamber I will straight convey.

FAUST

And shall I see her ? win her ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No !

Just then to see a neighbour she must go,

But meanwhile you her absence will allow,
 To feed upon an atmosphere all fraught
 With her sweet self and pleasure taste in thought.

FAUST

Can we away?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No, 'tis too early yet.

FAUST

Well, mind that you for her some present get.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Presents at once ! that's brave ! the nail you've hit.
 Choice spots am I acquainted with and plenty,
 Where fine old treasures slyly buried lie,
 'Twere well that I look over them a bit. [*Exit*

EVENING.

A neat little Chamber.

MARGARET (*braiding and binding up her hair*)

I'd something give that I could say
 Who was that gentleman to-day ;
 He had a brave and gallant air,
 And noble was I'm almost sure.

But read his brow that might be told,
Besides, else were he not so bold.

[*Exit*

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come in ; tread softly. Come in, do !

FAUST (*after a pause*)

Alone here leave me I entreat.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*looking round*)

Not every maid you'll find so neat.

FAUST

Welcome sweet twilight, welcome thou,
Who thus this hallowed spot pervadest,
Throb in my heart love's grateful throe,
Who languishing, on Hope's dew feedest.
How gentle stillness breathes around,
Here order and contentment dwell,
'Mid poverty is plenty found,
What bliss imprisoned in this narrow cell !

[*He throws himself upon a leathern easy-chair at
the bedside*

Receive me too, O thou who those long gone,
In weal and woe received with outspread arm.
Alas ! how oft round this paternal throne
In childhood's sports have hung the busy swarm.

Here haply, glad with Christmas gift dismissed,
My love her grandsire's withered hand hath kissed.

I feel, O maid ! thy spirit everywhere,

Thy soul of busy order round me stir,

That bids thee daily with a mother's care

Deck the pure board that bears thy frugal fare

With snowy cloth, and strew with sand the floor.

Oh, dear, dear hand ! to pious tasks thus given,

Thro' thee the homely hut becomes a heaven.

And here !

[He lifts up the curtain of the bed

What blissful tremor o'er my senses streams !

Here I could linger on from hour to hour.

Nature here fashioning, thou didst mature

The born angel 'mid sweet sunny dreams.

Here lay the child ! while life's warm flood

Her young breast heaving gently rolled,

And here with working pure and good

God's image did itself unfold.

And thou ! what brought thee hither tell.

Alas ! how sadly, deeply moved I feel.

What wouldst thou here ? Sunk thus thy heart of
yore ?

Unhappy Faust ! I know thee thus no more,

Surrounds me here a mazy atmosphere.

The flame that onward to enjoyment drove,

Exhales it in a gentle dream of love ?

Sport of each wind, must we its impress bear.

If haply now thine eye she here should meet,

How wouldst thou for thy guilty thoughts atone ?

Vain boaster, ah ! how little at her feet
Away dissolving wouldst thou sink thee down !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Be quick ! this way I see her come.

FAUST

Hence ! hence ! I here no more return.

MEPHISTOPHELES

A casket see you will not spurn,
I've ta'en it from another home.
Here, place it in this oaken chest,
I promise you 'twill turn her head.
The trifles in it, for the rest,
Were meant to win another maid ;
But child is child and play is play.

FAUST

I know not. Shall I ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Shall you, eh !
Perhaps the treasure you would guard !
If so, your lustful grace, it be,
Day's blessed light, I trust, with me,
From further trouble will be spared.

Can Avarice then with Love be wed?
I wring my hands and scratch my head!

[*He places the casket in the chest, and turns the key*
Now, quick away!

'Tis yours without delay
The sweet young thing at wish and will to lead.
What, still you stand!

And look as were the lecture-room at hand,
As if before you clothed in flesh and blood
Physic and metaphysic stood.

Away! [Exeunt

MARGARET (*with a lamp*)

It grows so close and sultry now;

[*She opens the window*

Without 'tis not so warm by near.

It's strange; I feel I know not how,

I wish I had my mother here!

A shuddering runs all over me,

A silly woman I must be!

[*She begins to sing whilst undressing herself*

There lived a king in Thule
Was faithful to his grave,
A golden goblet had he,
His dying mistress gave.

He nothing prized so dearly,
He drained it at each feast;
His eyes he wept out nearly,
When he from it did taste.

At length when he was dying,
He counted tower and town,
Of all his heir denying
The goblet dear alone.

Then sat at kingly festival,
His knights around him, he
Within his lofty father's hall,
In his castle on the sea.

There quaffed his last cup, hasting,
The toper old upstood,
The hallowed goblet casting
Down in the rolling flood.

He saw it whirling, drinking,
Sink deep into the sea ;
He felt his own eyes sinking,
No drop again drank he !

*[She opens the chest to put in her clothes and
perceives the casket*

What can have brought this pretty casket here?
I locked the chest I'm almost sure,
And no one comes this chamber near !
It's strange ! What can be in it? 'Tis a pledge
My mother holds perhaps for money lent ;
The key, I see, hangs fastened to the ledge,
My opening it there's nothing should prevent.
What's this? Good heavens ! only look at it !
Its like I never saw in all my days !
An ornament for some great lady fit,
When she her wealth at festivals displays.

How would the chain become me? Let me see.
To whom can all this finery pertain?

*[She decks herself with them, and stands before
the mirror*

If but the earrings did belong to me!
With such fine things one looks as well again.
Of what avail your beauty, luckless maid!
'Tis praised perhaps when people please you would,
For this much haply it is well and good,
But nothing more remains when that is said.

Praised half in pity, soon forgot!

Gold seeks alone,

By gold is won,

The world! Ah, poor one's lot!

THE PUBLIC WALK.

*FAUST walking up and down, thoughtfully, to
him* MEPHISTOPHELES

MEPHISTOPHELES

By all despised love! by every hellish element!
Would I knew something worse, that I might curse it
to my heart's content!

FAUST

How now! what bites you that you thus exclaim!
So grim a look till now visage ne'er wore.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Straight to the devil I would make me o'er,
But devil myself unluckily I am !

FAUST

Has misadventure turned thy brain astray ?
Thee it becomes the madman's part to play !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Think only what should Gretchen's gifts befall !
Away a priest has swept them one and all.
Her mother of the ornaments caught sight,
These straight misgivings in her mind excite.
In faith a subtle nose is that of hers,
She's always snuffing in her book of prayers,
Smells at each piece of furniture, and fain
Would try if it be holy or profane.
As thus she sniffed the jewels, seemed it clear
Much blessing could not well be looked for there.
'My child !' she cries, 'beware ! unrighteous gain
Ensnares the soul and sows the seed of pain.
An offering to God's mother these shall speed,
With heavenly manna she our hearts will feed !'
Here Gretchen's pretty lip began to fall.
Well ! thought she, 'tis a gift-horse after all !
Of this I'm sure that godless is not he
Who gave it thus, whoever he may be.

No more delay : the mother called a priest.
 To him no sooner was made known the jest,
 Than on the casket pleased his eye did brood.
 He said, 'Tis well ! you have not strove in vain ;
 Who overcometh, he doth gain !
 Our Holy Church hath got a stomach good ;
 At times whole countries she has swallowed,
 But yet repletion never followed.
 The Church, good women, trust me, can
 Alone digest ill-gotten gain.'

FAUST

A practice common 'tis in sooth,
 Your Jew and king can do it both !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Swept straight clasp, chain, and ring away,
 As were so many mushrooms they,
 With no more thankful word or look
 Than if a bag of nuts he took.
 Of heaven's reward he bid them not despair,
 And left them. Truly edified they were !

FAUST

And Gretchen ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Sits but ill at ease,
 Not knowing what would pain or please,

Thinks on the trinkets night and day,
But more on him whose gifts were they.

FAUST

Dear maid ! it pains me she should grieve,
Let her at once new trinkets have.
The first were no great things at best !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Of course no trouble this ! Oh ! not the least.

FAUST

Do all that I would have thee do,
Stick to her neighbour closely thou.
No milk-and-water devil be—away !
New jewels get for her, and that to-day !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Most noble sir, your pleasure shall be done.

[*Exit* FAUST

Your love-sick fool, be he of the true sort,
Puffs clean away alike sun, stars, or moon,
If only he can make his mistress sport !

[*Exit*

*THE NEIGHBOUR'S HOUSE.*MARTHA (*alone*)

My worthy man has used me ill,
 I trust that God forgive him will !
 Away about the world he's gone,
 And leaves me here to pine alone.
 For trouble I ne'er gave him cause,
 And loved him truly well, God knows !
 He may be dead ! O agony !
 If even legal proof had I ! *[She weeps*

Enter MARGARET.

MARGARET

Oh, Martha !

MARTHA

What's the matter now ?

MARGARET

I feel as if my knees would sink,
 I found to-day—what should you think ?
 A casket like the first, I vow,
 Of ebony, and in it were
 Such other things, but richer far.

MARTHA

Your mother this you must not tell,
 Else go they to the priest as well !

MARGARET

Oh, only look ! but view them, do !

MARTHA (*decks her out with them*)

A happy lucky creature thou !

MARGARET

But in the streets such things to wear,
Or even at church, I may not dare !

MARTHA

Come often in a quiet way,
And here in private put them on,
Stand at the glass an hour or two a day,
We'll pleasure find in this alone ;
And when an opportunity one sees,
Then people can be shown them by degrees,
A necklace now, and then an earring wear,
Should this your mother see, we'll find pretence for her.

MARGARET

Who can have both these caskets brought ?
In truth things look not as they ought.

[*Some one knocks*

Good God ! my mother, has she seen ?

MARTHA (*looking through the blind*)

'Tis a strange gentleman. Come in !

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I've made so free to enter straight,
Your pardon, ladies, I entreat.

[*Draws back respectfully before* MARGARET
I Mistress Martha Schwerdtlein seek.

MARTHA

Sir, I am she, your pleasure speak !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*aside to her*)

I know you, madam, now ; 'twere rude
On such distinguished guest t' intrude.
Excuse the liberty I've ta'en,
This evening I will call again.

MARTHA (*aloud*)

Child ! what the stranger thinks you, guess !
A noble lady—nothing less.

MARGARET .

A lowly maid alone you see,
The gentleman would flatter me.
Jewels nor ornaments I own.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh ! not these ornaments alone,
That striking look, that gracious air !
It joys me that remain I dare.

MARTHA

What brings you, sir, I fain would hear.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Would better news I had to bear !
Take comfort, pray ! your husband, he
Is dead—he sends his compliments by me.

MARTHA

Is dead ! The faithful soul ! Alas,
My husband ! O that dead I was !

MARGARET

Ah, Martha dear, despair not so !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hear, madam, the sad story through.

MARGARET

Such loss to suffer who would love !
Death only could my grief remove.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Joy must bring sorrow—sorrow joy !

MARTHA

Relate it all ; his end you saw !

MEPHISTOPHELES

In church o' the holy Anthony
 He lies entombed at Padua,
 For ever cool—a chosen place
 To make a bed of rest it was !

MARTHA

Is this the whole ? Naught else you bring ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

But this, a deep and earnest prayer
 ' Three hundred masses you would cause to sing !'
 Void for the rest my pockets are.

MARTHA

What not one gift ! 'tis not to be believed ;
 What doth in each mechanic's pouch at bottom bide
 For keepsake set aside !
 Which he than spend, hunger or beg had rather.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Believe me, madam; I am deeply grieved,
 But, truth to say, his gold he did not squander ;
 His little failings, too, he did deplore,
 But his ill-fortune he bewailed much more.

MARGARET

Alas ! what luckless beings mortals are !
 Poor man, for him I'll many a requiem say.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You're worthy of a spouse this very day,
You sweet young creature, amiable as fair!

MARGARET

Oh no! for that the time has not yet come.

MEPHISTOPHELES

No husband! well, a gallant in his room.
To me 'twere more than earthly bliss
So sweet a thing to hold and kiss.

MARGARET

But no such custom here we know.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Custom or not, it happens though!

MARTHA

Go on!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I stood beside his dying bed,
Than dung it somewhat better might have been,
Half-rotten straw, but with true Christian mien
He died. A lengthy reckoning still, he said,
Was his. 'Oh, what atonement can I make,'
He cried, 'that thus my wife I should forsake?

Alas, the thought of it is agony !
 Could she but ere I die forgive her wrong.'

MARTHA (*weeping*)

The dear good man, I have forgiven him long !

MEPHISTOPHELES

' But God knows she was more to blame than I.'

MARTHA

It's false ! What, lie thus on the eve of death !

MEPHISTOPHELES

He fabled truly with his latest breath
 If I may be but half a connoisseur.
 ' For pastime there was little need to gape,' he said,
 ' Children to get, and then for them get bread,
 Was work enough for one so very poor ;
 And then my share in peace was never eaten.'

MARTHA

Had he then all my truth, my love forgotten ?
 My drudgery by day—by night !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Not so ; he prized it highly, as was right,
 He said. ' As I away from Malta sailed,
 For wife and child I prayed with fervent zeal,
 And heaven was pleased to favour my appeal,

For soon our ship a Turkish vessel hailed,
That bore the Sultan's gold : we boarded it,
Therewith our bravery was right well repaid ;
The spoil divided duly, as was fit,
Amongst the rest well measured share I had.'

MARTHA

How? where? he hid it haply in the ground !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Who knows ! beneath the four winds 'twill be found.
As once a stranger he in Naples strayed,
A pretty damsel chose him for her friend,
Her sweet caresses such impression made,
He bore its trace unto his blessed end !

MARTHA

The sinful wretch ! his luckless children's robber !
No wretchedness, not even the want of bread,
Could nothing then a life so shameless hinder ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Bethink thee, 'tis enough for this he's dead ;
Now were I you, much rather I would choose
To mourn him deeply for a year or so,
And meanwhile look me out another spouse.

MARTHA

O heavens ! what like my first, O no !
I find in all the world no other such !

A kinder fool in truth could hardly be.
 Indeed to rove about he loved too much,
 With stranger women he was rather free,
 And wine, and worst of all the cursed dice.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, well, perhaps it had gone smoothly on
 If he, good man, had not been over nice,
 But had on his part done as you have done.
 I swear to you if on such terms we stood,
 Change rings with you myself I gladly would !

MARTHA

Oh, my good sir, it pleaseth you to jest !

MEPHISTOPHELES

To stay much longer here I can't afford,
 The devil himself she'd hold him to his word.

[*To MARGARET*

Dwells all at peace, sweet maid, within your breast ?

MARGARET

What mean you, sir ?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to himself*)

Thou dear untutored heart !

Aloud] Ladies farewell !

MARGARET

Farewell.

MARTHA

Before we part,

One word ! I would certificate I had
How my dear husband died and where he's laid.
A friend to order I have always been,
And wish his death were in the papers seen !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Quite right ! Two persons' word, when both
In that agree, is always held the truth.
Good madam, with me is a clever friend,
Our way together to the judge we'll wend.
I bring him hither.

MARTHA

Do so, pray.

MEPHISTOPHELES

This fair young lady, too, will stay !
He is a gay and travelled knight,
And with the ladies most polite.

MARGARET

Before him I would sink with fear.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Before no king the earth doth bear.

MARTHA

This evening to my garden come,
Behind the house. We'll be at home.

THE STREET.

FAUST, MEPHISTOPHELES.

FAUST

How now? speak quickly! Goes it all aright?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Bravo, my friend, you're in a blaze I see.
Yes, Gretchen's yours, or soon at least shall be.
We four at Neighbour Martha's meet this night;
I know a few, but this the choicest jade
I've hit on yet to drive the gipsy's trade!

FAUST

'Tis well.

MEPHISTOPHELES

But now remains another task.

FAUST

So be it. Some return may fairly ask
Such service good.

MEPHISTOPHELES

We straightway must depose
That holy ground in Padua doth inclose
Her liege-lord stark and stiff ; this must be done
In good set form of law.

FAUST

And journey thither
Forthwith of course? A pretty task the one
You've here enjoined. Well, well ! when must we
thither?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Sancta Simplicitas ! what need to go?
Bear witness only ; why make such a pother,
As if 'twere requisite the fact to know?

FAUST

Is this your scheme? You must invent some other,
Or here the matter ends.

MEPHISTOPHELES

O sainted man !
Is't come to this, that you false witness bear

Now for the first time since your life began !
 God and the world, and all that therein moves,
 Man, what man's head or heart or knows or loves,
 Have you not these without one qualm, one blush,
 Boldly defined, and now you hold your breath
 At such small stop as this. Look inward ; tush !
 What know you more of them than Schwerdtlein's death ?

FAUST

Sophist and liar thou art, and wilt be ever.

MEPHISTOPHELES

So please you, if you will not deign th' endeavour
 To look a little deeper. Tell me now,
 Will you not on the morrow freely vow
 To this poor child your soul's eternal truth ?

FAUST

Ay, and will keep that vow.

MEPHISTOPHELES

You will, forsooth !

And then on love and constancy dilate,
 And that sweet wish that doth annihilate
 All other wishes ; this, too, from thy heart ?

FAUST

Peace ! peace ! it will be, if the mind impart
No name for that I feel. If wild I scan
Earth's loveliest creations, and I grasp
At words that may portray *them*, but not *this* ;
If in the madness of my soul I clasp
A flame that feels eternal, and I can
Call it no less ; say'st thou such pang, such bliss,
Is but one hell-born phantasy of lies ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, be it as it may, although you prize
My judgment little, still I'm in the right,
And so you'll find it.

FAUST

Hark ! no more till night,
My lungs grow weary ; one word add I may.
Who in the right determined is to be,
Needs but two things, the tongue and will to say
That right he is, and right undoubtedly
He will be. Now then let this gossip cease,
You have your way, for I must fain cry peace.

THE GARDEN.

MARGARET *leaning on FAUST'S arm, MARTHA with*
 MEPHISTOPHELES *walking up and down.*

MARGARET

O sir, your pity spares me ; this I feel,
 Such condescension adds but to my shame ;
 So great a traveller can I know conceal
 His thoughts, and what he meets with give a name
 Better than it deserves, nor please can such
 A tongue as mine one who-has seen so much.

FAUST

More bliss I glean from thy one look, one word,
 Than the world's wisdom could in years afford.

[He kisses her hand

MARGARET

How can you do so? Kiss a hand like mine,
 So rude and hard with working all day long ;
 My mother takes good care I grow not fine
 With idleness, for that she would think wrong.

[They pass on

MARTHA

And you, sir, without ceasing ever roam ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay, my dear madam, we at duty's call

Sweet spots must leave that we could wish our home,
But such desires are granted not to all.

MARTHA

'Tis well enough to rove in youth's wild years
And freely tramp the wide world up and down,
But when at length the evil day man nears,
Wifeless to crawl into his grave, you'll own
A sorry ending to his life appears.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The mere thought makes me shudder !

MARTHA

Worthy sir,
What should be done why would you thus defer?
[*They move on.*]

MARGARET

Ay, out of sight is out of mind,
And flattery is light task to you,
With many friends whom you must find
Wiser than me, I doubt not too.

FAUST

O best of beings, trust me that alone
Is vanity and blindness of the mind
Which men call sense !

MARGARET

How so?

FAUST

Alas! sweet one,

Simplicity and innocence we find
Ever the last its hallowed worth to know,
And meekness lowly still the highest boon
Of all that Nature with unceasing flow
From her vast store of love pours forth to bless
Her children.

MARGARET

Then you'll think of me? Ah! soon,
Too many days to think of you I'll have.

FAUST

Are you so oft alone?

MARGARET

Am I? O yes!
Often the livelong day from morn till eve.
Our household is a very little one,
Yet all within it must be clean and neat;
There's cooking, sweeping, knitting to be done,
So much that I am ever on my feet.
And then my mother, so precise is she
That all about her must in order be.

Yet little need have we to be so close,
For many others call much less their own ;
My father dying left us this small house,
And little garden too, hard by the town.
Here quietly enough my days are sped,
My brother is a soldier, and I had
A little sister, but she now is dead ;
And trouble great she gave me, yet full glad
Greater to bear were I, so she were here,
Poor child, once more—to me she was so dear.

FAUST

An angel, if it but resembled thee !

MARGARET

I brought it up and loved it well,
'Twas ever on my knee,
For ere 'twas born, poor babe, befell
My father's death. And then so sickly
My mother lay, we thought that quickly
Her end must come, yet did it not ;
Slowly and by degrees she mended,
But could not feed the babe whose lot,
Poor nestling, had been death, but tended
It was by me with spoonfuls warm
Of milk and water, till my arm
It needed not, for soon it grew
Stirring and strong and friendly too.

FAUST

How happy thou hast been ! how pure thy joy !

MARGARET

In sooth it was, but not without alloy.
By night its little cradle stood
My pillow near, so watchful I,
That neither stir nor cry it could
But it was in my arms, and try
To quiet it I did with food,
Or struggling with its fretful mood
I rocked it gratefully.
And then all night I lay awake,
Its little hand in mine
I chafed and warmed till day would break,
When be it wet or fine,
I needs must up to wash and light
The fire within the hearth,
The house to sweep and put to right,
Then to the market forth.
A cheerless life you'll think at best,
And yet it sweetened food and rest. [*They pass on*]

MARTHA

But we poor women always badly fare,
Your sturdy bachelor is hard to move.

MEPHISTOPHELES

With one like you I never need despair,
However late, to learn at length to love.

MARTHA

But tell me, pray, sir, has your heart alone
Thus ever dwelt, nor gentle bondage known?

MEPHISTOPHELES

The proverb says, 'A wife and hearth
Far more than gold and pearls are worth.'

MARTHA

My meaning is, have you no liking felt?

MEPHISTOPHELES

With me the world has ever fairly dealt.

MARTHA

But I would ask, has nothing stirred your breast?

MEPHISTOPHELES

With women men should ne'er attempt a jest.

MARTHA

Ah ! you don't comprehend me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

I lament

It should be thus, but feel your kind intent.

[They pass on

FAUST

Sweet little angel ! so you knew me when
I came into the garden? Did you so?

MARGARET

And you perceived it not? I looked down then,
Because I felt that this my eyes would show.

FAUST

And you forgave my freedom, and the while
That to accost you thus I were so bold,
As forth you came from out the sacred pile?

MARGARET

My thoughts were so confused I could not hold
Myself erect, for never till that hour
Had I been so addressed. No evil word
Had e'er been said of me ; I deemed full sure
In some unseemly manner I had erred,
For the thought seemed to strike him suddenly
That I was one with whom he might make free ;
Still I was pleased, and yet felt angry too,
To think that I were not more wroth with you.

FAUST

Sweet love !

MARGARET

Be still a moment.

[She plucks an aster, and pulls off the leaves one by one

FAUST

What means this?

Make you a nosegay?

MARGARET

No, 'tis but a game.

FAUST

How say you?

MARGARET

Ah ! he mocks me well, I wiss !

[She plucks off the leaves, murmuring to herself

FAUST

What murmurest thou?

MARGARET

My fate this flower shall name.

He loves ! He loves me not ! He loves me ! Yes !

[Plucking off the last leaf with delight

He loves me !

FAUST

Ay, dear child, and heaven shall bless
That bright flower's prophecy, which doth foretell
He loves thee—loves thee. Tell me, canst thou guess
What the word means, he loves thee—loves thee well?

[He takes both her hands

MARGARET

I grow so faint.

FAUST

O tremble not, but let
This gaze, this pressure of the hand, express
That which were else unutterable !
Let bliss boundless, unimaginable, wrap
Our being, one and endless ; for an end
Were the annihilation of all hope !
Utter despair—no end !
No end ! no end !

*[MARGARET presses his hand, frees herself and
runs away ; he stands a moment lost in thought,
then follows her*

MARTHA (*advancing*)

In truth it is an evil tell-tale place,
Or it would please me well that you should stay
A little longer ; but it seems the grace
Hath no one here to mind his own affairs,

But ever to his neighbour's doth attend,
 Watching each step, and in and out, of theirs,
 So that the best are talked of in the end.
 But our young couple——

MEPHISTOPHELES

Up yon walk have flown
 The wanton butterflies!

MARTHA

Right deeply he,
 With her is smitten, as it seems to me.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And she with him. 'Tis thus the world runs on.

A SUMMER HOUSE.

MARGARET *runs in, hides behind the door, holds her
 finger to her lips, and looks through a crevice.*

MARGARET

He comes!

Enter FAUST.

FAUST

Ha, rogue! Why thus provoke
 Thy lover? But I have thee now! [*He kisses her*

MARGARET

Alas ! I can no longer cloak
 From thee my weak heart's wish. [*Kissing him in return*
 [MEPHISTOPHELES *knocks at the door*

FAUST (*stamping*)

What ho !

Who's there?

MEPHISTOPHELES

A friend.

FAUST

A brute.

MEPHISTOPHELES

'Tis time we go.

MARTHA (*entering*)

Ay, it grows late, good sir.

FAUST

Come, say not no.

I fain would bear you company.

MARGARET

Farewell !

What would my mother think ?

FAUST

That it were wrong !

Well then, farewell !

MARTHA

Adieu !

MARGARET

We'll meet ere long.

[*Exeunt* FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES

MARGARET

Ah, gracious heaven ! how such a man

So many things encompass can,

And I must stand abashed, and may

No other answer make than Yea !

To all he says. Yet, silly child,

Can he be thus by thee beguiled !

[*Goes*

*FOREST AND CAVERN.*FAUST (*alone*)

Spirit sublime ! thou gavest, gavest me all
That I have prayed for, and thy gaze of fire
Didst never yet in vain upon me turn.
The superexcellence of glorious Nature

Thou for a realm hast given me, with the power
To feel and to enjoy ; no cold and wondering insight
To me thou grantedst, but her bosom's depths
Unveiled, and bade me scan them as a friend's.
Rank after rank the throng of living things
Hast thou led past, and taught me as a brother
In the still woods the air, the flood to know ;
And when the boisterous storm howls and creaks
Through the deep forest, when the giant pine
Reels, and its neighbour-stem and branch o'erswaying,
Sweeps crashing down, and from the caverned hills
Its echoing fall rebounds in hollow thunders,
Thou bear'st me oft to some safe sheltered cave,
Show'st me myself, while erst mysterious wonders
Of mine own breast are there laid bare before me ;
Full in my view the clear bright moon climbs up,
Shedding mild influences from wall-like rock,
From the dank thicket's mist uprise the forms
Of ages past, and with their silvery sheen
Soothe contemplation that had else been sad.
Alas, alas ! that to the lot of man
Falls nothing perfect ! Now too well I feel
This rapturous enjoyment thou hast given,
That step by step exalts me to a God,
But a companion to my side hast linked
From whom I cannot part. Cold, cold, and insolent,
He to myself makes me degraded feel,
And with a breath thy gifts to ashes turns.
Unceasingly for this loved idol he

A maddening glow within my bosom fans,
And thus I reel from longing to enjoyment,
And in enjoyment pine but for desire.

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, are you sated with this life of love?
Surely for joys like these you sigh no longer ;
'Tis well enough the thing for once to prove,
But then away to sip at something stronger.

FAUST

Would that thou couldst procure more fitting task
Than thus to plague me in my happiest hour.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, well ! in earnest this you dare not ask,
Yet my free leave you have at will to pore
Over your own mad thoughts. In truth, to lose
A mate so rude and crazy were a gain ;
With so much work on hand I well might choose,
For what doth pleasure bring, and what doth pain,
Is read with trouble in your worship's face.

FAUST

That's the true tone at last ! the proper key,
To thwart and tease as though he did a grace !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Poor son of earth! and prithee but for me
 What were the life 't had been thy lot to lead?
 Your mind, at least for some fair space to come,
 From quips and quaint imaginings I've freed,
 Which had it not been done, perchance your home
 Had been the other world. What brings you here,
 Hiding yourself in clefts and caverned rocks,
 Perched like an owl, or sharing his choice food
 In the dank moss, 'mid dripping stones and stocks?
 Why sit you moping with your brother toad?
 A pretty pastime for you, is it not?
 I fear *the Doctor* is not quite forgot!

FAUST

Believest thou that in the loneliness
 Of the vast desert there are fountains pure,
 From whence the wanderer's life in its distress
 May drain new vigour? No! for else full sure
 Thy devil's envy would itself employ
 To drug the draught it knows not to destroy.

MEPHISTOPHELES

A more than human, more than earthly pleasure,
 In night and dew upon the mountain lying,
 To drink in earth and heaven at your leisure,
 And so dilate you, with the Godhead vieing,
 Earth's marrow through and through with eager longing

To interpenetrate within you feeling,
 The entire six-days' work your bosom thronging,
 And with a more than mortal's love annealing
 Your earthly nature ; melt in bliss away.
 And then the lofty intuition ends ! [*With a gesture*
 But how it ends I hardly dare to say.

FAUST

Fy on you !

MEPHISTOPHELES

What, my homeliness offends !
 And you forsooth cry fy ! Well, this is brave.
 Fine right to play the moralist you have !
 But that must never modest ears annoy
 Which modest hearts can ne'ertheless enjoy !
 However, since 'tis pleasant to deceive
 Oneself a little, you have my free leave
 To take your bent ; it will not long endure.
 Back to your ways of old, my friend, you're wending,
 And madness, should this freak be long in ending,
 Or pangs and horror, soon will prove its cure.
 But come ! enough of this. Your loved one pining
 Sits in her home the while forlorn and sad,
 Its future lot all fruitlessly divining
 That little heart where love his nest hath made !
 But your fierce passion, which at first came rushing,
 A snow-fed torrent headlong from on high,
 Into the unresisting bosom gushing,

Seems now a brooklet somewhat spent and dry.
 Methinks, fair sir, that this your forest-throne
 You might relinquish till more fitting day,
 Nor leave this poor young monkey quite alone,
 But love like hers at least in part repay.
 How wearisome to her must feel each hour !
 She stands beside the window ; one by one
 The passing clouds she counts as they sail o'er
 The grey old ramparts of the neighbouring town ;
 And then she chants her little ceaseless song,
 ' Were I a bird ! ' all day and all night long ;
 Smiling by times, then sad, but resting never,
 She weeps till she can weep no more,
 Then seems as peaceful as of yore,
 But lovesick ever !

FAUST

Serpent ! serpent !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*apart*)

Ay, you're right. If I
 Don't catch you now, I'll do so by-and-by.

FAUST

Polluted monster, hence ! Name not again
 The lovely maid ; awake not the desire
 For her sweet form within me, that its fire
 Again may rack my half-distracted brain !

MEPHISTOPHELES

What would you then? She thinks that you are flown,
And rightly too, for you are halfway gone.

FAUST

No, I am near her. Yet though far I were,
I ne'er could wander, never could forget—
Ay, that the sacred wafer's self doth fret
My soul with envy when her lips draw near.

[MEPHISTOPHELES

That's well, my friend! in sooth I've envied you
More times than one such rosebuds fed with dew.

FAUST

Base tempter, hence!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Go on, abuse me, I
May only laugh, since he who youth and maid
Created at his will, was not afraid
To add the good gift opportunity!
But tush! no more these idle follies heed;
Why fails your heart? Methinks your path doth lead
Straight to the loved one's chamber, not to death.


FAUST

Ay, heaven for me exists but in her arms ;
I am, but live not while her bosom warms
No life in mine. One boundless void I breathe
Without her presence ; all around doth mock
The homeless monster, thus for ever cast
A headlong torrent down from rock to rock
Towards the abyss where it must end at last.
But she dwells far apart in childlike thought,
Tending her household cares, a peaceful task ;
Her little world that Alpine cottage fraught
With all she loves or knows, nor more doth ask.
And I, the abhorred of God, what would I there ?
Was't not enough the rocks with demon might
To grasp and shatter ? Must I now prepare
This spotless being's peace to madly blight ?
Hell ! hell ! this offering canst thou not forego ?
Thou wilt not ! Come then, devil, lend thine aid,
Short be the pang, since it must needs be so,
And crush me in the ruin I have made.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, how it seethes and glows ! Why this ado ?
Get in and comfort her, thou fool, for sure
When such a numskull can no outlet view,
The end is come, the matter past all cure !

Life to the bold of heart ! and times there are
When thou the fiend canst act in seemly way,
But wouldst thou devil be, and know despair,
A brave and pleasant part you've ta'en to play !



MARGARET'S CHAMBER.

MARGARET (*alone at her spinning-wheel*)

My heart is heavy,
My peace is gone ;
'Twill ne'er return,
For ever flown !

When him I see not,
The grave I see ;
Bitter and dark
Is the world to me.

My brain is turned,
My mind distraught,
Wild and wandering
Every thought.

My heart is heavy,
My peace is gone ;
It ne'er will return,
For ever flown !

Forth from the window,
For him[¶] alone
I look, and follow
When he has gone.

His noble form !
His bearing how high !
The smile of his lip,
The glance of his eye !

His witching words,
Alas ! I miss ;
The thrill of his hand,
And ah !—his kiss !

My heart is heavy,
My peace is gone ;
'Twill ne'er return,
For ever flown !

Void is my bosom,
I long to go !
Oh, might I clasp him,
And hold him so !

I fain would kiss him,
And kiss again ;
Death in his kisses,
It were no pain.

MARTHA'S GARDEN.

MARGARET, FAUST.

MARGARET

Well, thou wilt promise, Heinrich?

FAUST

What I can.

MARGARET

Thy thoughts about religion 'tis I seek,
And fain would know. Thou art a dear kind man,
But then of this I never hear thee speak!

FAUST

O heed this not! my love is all thine own,
And life for those I love could I lay down,
But none of feeling, none of faith bereave.

MARGARET

'Tis not enough! we also must believe.

FAUST

Must we?

MARGARET

We must. Alas! were influence mine,

To wake in thee one thought for things divine !
Thou honourest not the holy Sacrament.

FAUST

I honour it.

MARGARET

But not with right intent.
This couldst thou not without the wish to share.
And then the mass thou shunn'st, nor kneel'st in prayer.
Believest thou in God ?

FAUST

Who dares, sweet love !
Say, ' I believe in God ' ? To sage or priest
The question put, and his reply will prove
A mockery of the questioner at best !

MARGARET

Then thou believ'st not ?

FAUST

Dearest ! say not so.
Mistake me not, but who dare thus avow
That ' he believes in Him ; ' who feel, and dare to say
That ' he believes not in Him, ' all-embracing,
All-sustaining ? Doth He not compass all,
And all uphold ? Thee—me—Himself ?
Spreads not the canopy of heaven above us ?
Stands firmly not the solid earth beneath ?

Rise not the eternal stars with friendly aspect
Down twinkling from on high?
And look we not into each other's eyes?
Are not all things that be, seen and unseen,
About thy head and heart for ever weaving
One maze eternal? Fill with it thy breast,
And wholly happy in the feeling, then
E'en call it as thou wilt, Love, Rapture, God.
For me it hath no name! Feeling is all,
Name but a sound, a light-obscuring cloud.

MARGARET

Well, this perhaps may be all fine and good;
The priest says much the same, but when he does
He uses different words.

FAUST

All say it! all
In every place, nor is there spot which knows
The light of heaven, wherein exists one heart
That says it not in its own proper tongue.
Then why not I in mine?

MARGARET

So understood 't may do, but still
There lurks within it something ill.
It is not Christian speech.

FAUST

Sweet child !

MARGARET

I fear me much thou'st been beguiled,
And sorely I am grieved to see
That thou canst bear such company.

FAUST

How so ?

MARGARET

Why ever at thy side
That man my eye could ne'er abide,
Whose hateful visage dagger-like
Into my loathing heart doth strike !

FAUST

Thou silly thing ! what foolish fear !

MARGARET

My heart's blood creeps when he is near.
Yet of all those I know, not one
I hate but him—but him alone !
I hold him for a villain too,
God pardon me if wrong I do !

FAUST

Such oddities there needs will be.

MARGARET.

I could not live near such as he !
When entering at the door his eye
Peers in on all so mockingly,
While rage but ill concealed betrays
That sympathy with none he has.
How plainly on his evil brow
'Tis writ that love he ne'er could know
For living soul ! Alas ! with thee
How happy could I feel, how free,
Did not his presence crush my heart !

FAUST

Misgiving angel !

MARGARET

We must part,
My breathing ceases when I hear
His coming step ; I almost fear
To love thee then, yet may not dare
Whilst he is by to utter prayer.
This gnaws into my heart, and thou,
Dear Heinrich, tell me, feel'st thou so ?

FAUST

'Tis but antipathy.

MARGARET

I must away.

FAUST

Oh, may I never from the livelong day
One little hour upon thy bosom rest,
Soul pressed to soul as now, and breast to breast?

MARGARET

Did I but sleep alone, for thy dear sake
This night the bolt I gladly would undo ;
But much I fear my mother might awake,
And were we caught her eye would strike me through,
And I would die upon the spot for shame.

FAUST

Fear not, sweet love ! there shall be none to blame.
Seest thou this little phial ! In her drink
Drop but three drops, and sleep will softly sink
Upon her eyelids.

MARGARET.

Canst thou nothing ask,
And I refuse ? It will not harm her ? Nay !

FAUST

Could it be thus, dear child, and thine the task?

MARGARET

Well, well! it must be so. I cannot say
What power compels me, but no choice have I,
Whate'er my wish, but I must fain comply.
And now of all things thou canst ask, scarce one
Remains to do, so many I have done. [Goes

Enter MEPHISTOPHELES.

MEPHISTOPHELES

The little monkey, is she off?

' FAUST

What, here!

Play'st thou the spy again?

MEPHISTOPHELES

In the old mood?

Ay, I have heard it all, you need not fear,
Plainly enough; I hope 'twill do you good.
She catechised you soundly, Doctor! Well,
In truth the women act not much amiss,
When after the old fashion they would tell
Whether a man be pious, for by this
They aptly judge if he doth heaven obey,
The chances are, they too will have their way.

FAUST

Thou monster ! 'tis not thine to comprehend
 How this fond truthful soul, full of her faith,
 In which her all-sufficient bliss she hath,
 Can feel her heart a holy horror rend
 To hold the man most dear to her for lost !

MEPHISTOPHELES

O thou most sensual, supersensual ass !
 Hast thou so quickly found it to thy cost,
 A silly chit can fool thee ?

FAUST

Hence, thou mass
 Of filth and fire ! Abortion monstrous, hence !

MEPHISTOPHELES

In physiognomy she shows some skill,
 And in my presence feels she knows not how ;
 My mask, it seems, bespeaks some secret ill.
 She deemed full sure I was a genius ; now
 Thinks me the devil perhaps, or soon she will.
 To night?—

FAUST

What's that to thee ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

No matter, I
 Will find my own enjoyment by-and-by.

AT THE FOUNTAIN.

MARGARET *and* BESSY, *with* pitchers.

BESSY

What, have you nothing heard of Barbara?

MARGARET

No, not a word. I go so seldom out.

BESSY.

Sybilla told me, whom just now I saw.
A pretty business she has been about ;
Playing the fool at last ! 'Tis always so
When people are so proud.

MARGARET

How is it?

BESSY

How !

Why all she eats and drinks now serves for two.

MARGARET

Ah !

BESSY

Prithee, could she look for less ?

That fellow at her side for ever,
 None but herself dared e'er address
 At village fair or dance ; and never
 A day might pass, but he forsooth
 With cakes and wine must treat her both !
 And much she prized her pretty face,
 But little of her honour thought,
 And took as it were no disgrace
 The presents which he daily brought.
 But after presents kisses come,
 And lo ! the flower hath lost its bloom !

MARGARET

Poor thing !

BESSY

Forsooth you pity her !
 When at the spinning wheel we were,
 Of us our mothers ne'er lost sight,
 Nor venture out at dusk we might.
 But she could with her lover talk
 Without the door, or on the walk ;
 Beneath the trees might stroll or sit
 For livelong hours as she thought fit.
 But church with sheet and taper now
 She fain must seek, and penance do !

MARGARET

But he will surely marry her ?

BESSY.

Be such a fool, indeed ! not he !
For him the world is wide and free.
Besides, he's gone.

MARGARET.

Ah ! that is base.

BESSY.

But should she get him, still her face
I think she scarce would dare to show,
For straw before her door we'll strew.
For greeting too the boys will tear
Her wreath, and fling the fragments there ! [*Exit*

MARGARET (*going home*)

What things, alas ! I once could say,
Did a poor maiden chance to stray !
Nor words enough could find to blame,
So heinous seemed another's shame.
How black I thought it, and would paint
It blacker still, and ne'er content !
I blessed myself and felt so proud !
And now my head in sin must shroud.
Heaven only knows, alas ! the cause
How sweet to me, how dear it was !

ORATORY.

*In a niche the image of the MATER DOLOROSA with
pots of flowers before it.*

MARGARET (*puts fresh flowers in the pots*)

Virgin and Mother !
Thou who hast known
Pangs that no other
Could suffer, look down !

Lowly before thee,
In sorrow and guilt,
I kneel and implore thee.
O hear me thou wilt.

Thy eye it is bent
On thy crucified Son,
Thy heart it is rent
For thy holiest One !

Thy sighs they ascend
To the Father above ;
He thy sorrows will end,
And thy cup will remove !

Who the misery that dwells
In my bosom may know,
Who the anguish that wells
With its throbbing but thou?

The yearning that racks me,
To whom may I own?
The horror that tracks me,
Thou seest it alone!

Woe! and for ever!
Sorrow and woe,
Leaving me never,
Wherever I go!

I weep, and I weep,
Alone I would be;
My shame will not sleep,
It is ever with me!

At morn I gather,
When daylight appears,
The flowers I bring thee,
All wet with my tears.

The dawn I await not,
My grief is awake;
Restless and wretched
My couch I forsake.

O hither to save me from shame and from death,

Virgin and Mother !
 Thou who hast known
 Pangs that no other
 Could suffer, look down !

NIGHT.

Street before MARGARET'S door.

VALENTINE (*a soldier, MARGARET'S brother*)

When boon companions sat around,
 And each in turn his pleasure found
 As 'flower of maidens' her to prize
 Who chanced to glad his loving eyes,
 And drowned in brimming glass the word,
 I sat with elbow on the board
 In easy mood, nor checked the toast,
 But calmly took their swaggering boast,
 Then stroked my beard, and glass in hand,
 Would answer thus the noisy band :—
 All in its way, but show me one,
 Through all the country up and down
 Who's fit with Gretchen to compare,
 Or hold to her a candle dare.
 Hob ! nob ! kling ! klang ! around it went,
 And cries, 'He's right,' the ceiling rent ;

‘The pearl of maids is she.’ At that
In silence down each boaster sat.
But now my beard I fain would rend,
Or mad with rage my being end.
What taunts, what sneers from every knave,
Where’er I turn, I now shall have !
And must like roguish debtor bear,
And sweat at each chance word I hear,
Though crush them one and all might I !
What use?—I could not say they lie !

But who comes here ? If right I view,
This way their road, and they are two.
If he be one, I’ll straight let drive,
This spot he ne’er shall leave alive !

FAUST *and* MEPHISTOPHELES

FAUST

How from yon window of the sacristy
Aloft the ever-burning lamp doth flicker,
With gleam that quickly fades, whilst darkness thicker
On either side wraps all encirclingly !
E’en so my soul within, where all is night !

MEPHISTOPHELES

And I for my part like a tom-cat feel,
When he with faint and noiseless foot doth steal

Round spouts and wall-tops, virtuously quite—
 With a slight thievish pleasure, more or less
 Flavoured with a small spice of wantonness.
 Ay ! brave Walpurgis Night ! your advent 'tis
 That thrills me thus. Another day and you
 Come round again, and there one well, I wiss,
 Can tell what he's about, and what to do.

FAUST

Hist ! something glitters upward ! Can it be
 The treasure rising that I yonder see ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Yes, 'tis the casket which you soon shall glad
 Your heart by lifting, for I lately had
 A peep at it, and I can safely say
 Therein right noble lion-dollars lay.

FAUST

And not an ornament, not even a ring,
 Nothing my loved one could accept from me ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

I now bethink me there was some such thing,
 A kind of pearl necklace it might be.

FAUST

'Tis well ! to come to her I cannot bear
 Without some gift, some trinket she can wear.

MEPHISTOPHELES

But surely there's no need to fret,
 If now and then by chance you get
 Enjoyment gratis. Come, the sky
 Grows bright with stars. Behold my lute !
 A masterpiece I mean to try,
 One that our purpose well will suit,
 A moral song, your choicest kind
 To fool a woman to her mind ! [*Sings to the guitar*

Dear Catharine, why
 Thus draw'st thou nigh,
 Ere dawns the day,
 Thy lover's door ?
 Sweet maid beware !
 Nor enter there,
 Lest maid thou may
 Return no more !

Oh, heed thee well !
 Thou canst not tell
 Thy lot, poor thing,
 If once undone !
 Oh, let not love
 The victor prove,
 But with the ring
 Alone be won.

VALENTINE (*comes forward*)

Whom com'st thou here to lure with damned intent,
 Infernal rascal, twanging thy guitar ?

First to the devil with the instrument,
And to the devil with the singer after !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, the poor lute is done for ! there it goes !

VALENTINE

Now for thy skull ; there's virtue still in blows.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Have at him, Doctor ! Courage ! only stick
Close to my side, I'll tell you what to do.
Out with your toasting-iron ! Come, be quick !
Thrust home ! I'll parry.

VALENTINE

Parry that !

MEPHISTOPHELES

More too !

VALENTINE

Then that !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Oh, certainly !

VALENTINE

How's this ? the steel

) Drops from my hand ! a sudden chill I feel !
The fiend himself is fighting !

MEPHISTOPHELES (*to FAUST*)

On, strike home !

VALENTINE (*falls*)

Oh heaven !

MEPHISTOPHELES

The clod is tamed for 'time to come !'
And now away ! 'twere best be off in haste ;
Ere long the cry of murder we shall catch,
For the police I feel myself a match,
But penal courts by no means suit my taste.

MARTHA (*at the window*)

Run out ! Run out !

MARGARET (*at the window*)

Quick, bring a light !

MARTHA

A brawl it is ! They shout and fight !

PEOPLE

And here lies one already dead.

MARTHA

Where are the murderers? Are they flown?

MARGARET

Who lies here?

PEOPLE

Thy mother's son!

MARGARET

O heaven! you say not life has fled!

VALENTINE

Ay! I am dying! quickly told,
And done as quickly too.

Why thus, ye women, wail and scold?

There's other work to do. [*All come round him*

Bethink thee, Gretchen! young thou art,

Nor over well canst take thy part,

For little skill thou hast.

Go now, a word ere I be gone,—

A harlot once, go bravely on,

Since what is past is past!

MARGARET

My brother! God! what meanest thou?

VALENTINE

| Leave God alone ! I tell thee, do ;
What's done is done, and now perforce
What is to come must take its course.
Betimes thou didst begin with one,
But him will others follow soon,
And when a dozen you have known,
Then welcome one and all the town. |

When Shame is newly born the day
Beholds her not, her infant brow
Night's veil enwraps, and turns away
The prying world, and men would now
Fain stifle her. But soon she grows
Apace, then flauntingly she goes
Forth to the light, and undismayed
Walks with unbridled head the earth,
Nor fairer looks than at her birth,
But uglier still the more displayed.

Ay, ay ! ere long the time shall be
All honest folk will turn from thee
As from a corpse the plague hath stricken,
Thou harlot ! and thy heart shall sicken,
And sink within thee, when their eye
Encounters thine ! nor shalt thou bear
Thy chain of gold, nor draw thee nigh
To church or altar shalt thou dare.

No longer for the dance thy neck
 With lace-embroidered collar deck,
 But hide thee in some corner fell,
 Where outcast rogues and cripples dwell,
 Herding in darkness. Thou shalt live
 On earth accursed, though God forgive !

MARTHA

Commend thy soul to God, wilt thou,
 Nor to thy sins add slander too !

VALENTINE

Could I thy withered carcass grip,
 Thou shameless bawd, I soon would wipe
 My sin how great soe'er away,
 And for his mercy God repay.

MARGARET

My brother ! heaven, what tortures these !

VALENTINE

Have done with tears ! I tell thee cease.
 When honour from thee cast didst thou,
 'Twas then my heart was stabb'd, not now.
 I go ; 'tis found the death I wooed,
 I die as die a soldier should !

[*Dies*

CATHEDRAL.

Service, Organ and Anthem.

MARGARET *amongst a number of people*, EVIL SPIRIT
behind her.

EVIL SPIRIT

How different was it with thee, Margaret,
When full of innocence thou drewest nigh
Unto the altar here !

When out thy little well-worn book
Thou lispedst prayer,
Half childish play !
Half God in heart.

Margaret !

What are thy thoughts ?

Within thy heart

What crime ?

Prayest thou for thy mother's soul who slept
Through thy hand over into long, long pain ?
Whose blood is that upon thy threshold ?

Under thy heart

Stirs there not quickening now
That which itself and thee

Tortures

With its foreboding presence ?

MARGARET

Woe ! woe !

O would that I were free
 From these dread thoughts that crowd into my mind
 Despite of all I do !

CHORUS

Dies iræ, dies illa

Solvat sæclum in favillâ.

[*Organ plays*

EVIL SPIRIT

Horror seizes thee !

The trumpet sounds !

The graves are opening !

And thy heart,

From the repose of ashes

For fiery torments

To new life awakened,

Trembling arises !

MARGARET

Would I were away !

The organ stops my breath !

The chant o'erpowers me !

My heart grows faint !

CHORUS

Judex ergo cum sedebit,
Quidquid latet adparebit,
Nil inultum remanebit.

[*Organ*

MARGARET.

The crowd is stifling me !
The pillared walls
Are closing in around !
The vaulted roof
Sinks down upon me !
Air ! air !

EVIL SPIRIT

Hide thyself, Margaret. Sin and shame
Remain not hidden !
Air ! light !
Woe to thee !

CHORUS

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus,
Quem patronum rogaturus,
Cum vix justus sit securus ?

EVIL SPIRIT

The glorified avert
From thee their faces,

Faust.

Their hands the pure in heart
Shudder to reach thee !

Woe ! woe !

CHORUS

Quid sum miser tunc dicturus ?

MARGARET

Neighbour, your smelling-bottle !

[She falls in a swoon

MAY-DAY. NIGHT:

The Hartz Mountains. District of Schirke and Elend.

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Would not a broomstick be right welcome now ?
The roughest goat for my part I could ride.
Be this our way, we still have far to go.

FAUST

While fresh upon my legs for me will do
This knotted staff ; I nothing need beside.

Why seek to thus make short a pleasant way ?
To slowly thread the labyrinths of the vale,
Then cliff and rock with vigorous foot to scale,
Whence the bright springs that ever babbling play
Cast themselves headlong ; this doth well repay
The lengthened path. But see ! already Spring
Her web of green within the birch is weaving,
E'en to the hoary pine her breath doth bring
A youthful freshness. She around is leaving
Nothing untouched ; then why our limbs alone ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

In truth such influence I in no wise share,
My body feels all wintry, and were strewn
With frost and snow my path it better were.
How melancholy with belated beam
The red moon rises ; from her unfilled disc
Shedding upon our way such doubtful gleam,
That thus to journey on, one soon would risk
At every step o'er stock or stone a fall !
But hold ! an ignis-fatuus yonder flits ;
Him with your leave to aid us I will call.
Holloa ! come hither, friend ! It ill befits
So bright a spark to blaze thus uselessly,
And as just now 'tis rather dark, I pray
That for a while you bear us company.
So forward, if you please, and show the way.

IGNIS-FATUUS

With great respect, though troublesome, I'll try
 The lightness of my nature to forego ;
 Our course is usually zigzag, you know.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ha ! ha ! my friend, 'tis irksome to comply,
 Mankind to imitate forsooth you aim !
 But go straightforward in the devil's name,
 Or soon I'll puff your flickering life out. On !

IGNIS-FATUUS

That you are master here is plainly shown,
 So as it best may please you I will act.
 But you're aware this day the mountain side
 Enchanted is, and if you take for guide
 An ignis-fatuus, don't be too exact !

MEPHISTOPHELES, FAUST, IGNIS-FATUUS (*in alternating
 chorus*)

The realm of dreams and magic sphere
 Are entered now ; behind is left
 The nether world. Lead on, nor fear
 The dizzy path o'er crag and cleft,
 But stoutly onward, forward, haste
 Into the wide, the desert waste !

See the trees commingling fast,
Bough and stem are rushing past,
Toppling cliffs are nodding down,
Rock and crag are come and gone !
Giant-snouted, high and low,
How they snort and how they blow !
Over turf and over stone
Stream and streamlet hurry on ;
Are their voices that I hear,
Or songs that mingle far and near ?
Sadd'ning plaint and passion's lays,
Tones of love and happy days,
With echo catching every strain
That vibrates long, o'er rock and vale
To send it sounding back again,
Like long unheard but well-known tale.
Too-who ! too-who ! their roundelay,
The owl, the pewet, and the jay
Are clamouring ; are they all awake ?
The salamander through the brake,
With outstretched legs and belly wide
In seeming crawls ; or is it he ?
From rocks and sands on every side,
Are those roots or snakes we see,
Twisting, coiling, all around,
To seize or fright us ? Forth they shoot
Long speckled fibres, would they wound
Or grasp the intruding wanderer's foot
Like hideous polypi ! Behold !

How troops of mice of every hue
 Through the heath and through the moss,
 O'er the moor in thousands cross,
 Onward all their course pursue.
 Below, above, their wings unfold
 The glowworm and the fire-fly,
 Swarming, sparkling everywhere,
 O'er the path and in the air
 They flit a dazzling company.

Do we stand, or do we go
 Back or forward, tell me how?
 All is motion, all is life!
 Rocks and trees are looking down,
 Wisp on wisp is upward blown,
 Till the air with fire is rife!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come! grasp my skirt and keep stout hold. We'll scale
 This central crag; its top will well disclose
 Things worth the seeing. Upward from the vale
 You'll view how Mammon through the mountain glows.

FAUST

How strangely gleams a melancholy light
 Like the red dawn from out the cloven rocks
 And far ravines, illumining the night
 That reigns around, and to our eye unlocks

The mountain depths ! Mistlike it rises here,
And there like threads through every fissure steals
Down to the vast abyss, to reappear
In form a fountain ; then divided wheels
Tracking the valley with its thousand veins,
Till checked in some opposing nook it swells,
Massing itself in splendour. Sparkling grains
Like golden sands upsprinkled through the air
Are glittering far and wide ; higher and higher
The light gleams up ! Behold how everywhere
The rocks and wall-like cliffs are all on fire !

MEPHISTOPHELES

What think you of all this ? For my part I
Must own Sir Mammon, for the festival,
Illuminates his palace passing well.
But hist ! the boisterous guests methinks I spy !

FAUST

How the storm rages through the air ! my neck
Its fierce and frequent strokes can scarce sustain.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Cling to the crags, old ribs ! each muscle strain
To keep your hold, till their mad speed they check,
Else they will hurl you down ! A mist comes on,
Doubling the gloom of night.
Hark to the crash !

The forest yields ; out flit in wild affright
The alarmed owls, scared by the lightning flash !
Hear how they creak and groan,
The pillars of the evergreen palaces
Are splintering near and far
Beneath the stress
Of the fierce storm ! against it vainly war.
The crackling boughs and trunks
Down crash they all,
In terrible and intertangled fall,
And through the wreck-strewn waste
Hisses and howls the blast.
Hark to the singing !
From hollow and height
Voices are ringing,
'Tis the children of night.
In the turmoil rejoicing how clamour and song
Are raging and streaming the mountain along !

CHORUS OF WITCHES

Away to the Brocken the witches hie,
The corn is green and the stubble is dry,
In troops they are gathering ; aloft as befits,
Sir Urian enthroned in the centre he sits.
Then hie over stock and hie over stone,
To witch and to wizard alone it is known
What there shall be seen and what there shall be done.

VOICES

Old Baubo is coming with hasty strides,
On a sow that has farrowed she stoutly rides !

CHORUS

Honour to her to whom honour is due,
Lead on, Mother Baubo, and honour to you.
A sow for her steed, and Baubo upon her,
Wizards and witches will follow with honour !

VOICE

Which way comest thou ?

VOICE

Over Ilsenstein.

The owl was awake in the white moonshine,
I looked into her nest as I rode by,
And she stared at me with her round bright eye.

VOICE

Speed ye to hell? Why ride ye so fast ?

VOICE

She has grazed me in passing—look at the wound !

VOICE

Others are coming, none will be last ;
Hold, or may curses your course confound !

CHORUS OF WITCHES

The way is broad, the way is long,
But what is that for a mad-brained throng?
Sticks the fork and scratches the broom !
The child is choked in its mother's womb !

HALF-CHORUS OF WIZARDS

Like snails that carry their house we crawl,
Already the women our course forestall ;
When leads the way to the devil's door,
They are ever a thousand steps before !

OTHER HALF

Your tongue is foul and your word untrue ;
With a thousand steps must a woman do,
Haste as she will, it ever was found
What a man can do at a single bound.

VOICES (*above*)

Come with us ! Come with us from Felsensee !

VOICES (*below*)

We fain would mount, but it may not be,

We are washed and naked, but toil in vain,
For barren as ever we still remain.

BOTH CHORUSES

The wind is hushed, the stars have fled,
The troubled moon hath veiled her head ;
In race and revel the magic choir
Is sputtering song and sputtering fire !

VOICE (*from beneath*)

O stay ! O stay !

VOICE (*from above*)

Out of the crannied rocks below
Some one is calling !

VOICES (*above*)

Away ! away !

VOICE (*from beneath*)

Oh, take me with you, oh, take me now !
Three hundred years and more I toil,
But something ever my task doth foil.
To reach yon peak in vain I try
And I yearn for kindred company !

BOTH CHORUSES

The besom will carry, the broomstick will bear,
 The prong and the he-goat can travel the air!
 So little the trouble, so little the cost,
 Who mounts not to-day he for ever is lost!

HALF WITCHES (*below*)

I am tripping and straining for many an hour,
 Are others already so far before?
 At home I could rest not, so hither I hie,
 But here nor quiet nor rest have I!

CHORUS OF WITCHES

The salve alone true witches need,
 For sail a rag, for mast a reed,
 And every trough a ship will be;
 Who flies not now, ne'er fly will she!

BOTH CHORUSES

Come on! our flight is near its end,
 Round yonder peak then straight descend;
 Now swarming down from every side,
 The heath we'll cover far and wide!

MEPHISTOPHELES

What crowding, pushing, rustling, clattering!
 What whizzing, twirling, tugging, chattering!

What flashing, spurting, stinking, burning !
As heaven and earth were overturning.
In sooth we breathe a pleasant atmosphere.
Your true witch-element is this ! Hold on,
Or we shall be divided. Do you hear ?
Where are you ?

FAUST (*at a distance*)

Here !

MEPHISTOPHELES

How now ! Already gone,
Swept clean away ! Methinks 'tis time that I
As master here should use authority.
Place for young Voland ! Come, good people, place !
Here, Doctor, take my arm. To gain free space
Would need delay, so with one spring we'll make
Our exit hence. This throng is all too mad
Even for myself, and yonder in the brake
Is something shining with a most strange light
That much attracts me. Thither then our flight
We'll wing, and see how there the game be played.

FAUST

Spirit of contradiction ! Well, lead on,
I'll follow since thou think'st 'twere wisely done
On May-day night to wander up the Brocken,
And then to stand apart in idle spleen !

MEPHISTOPHELES

But see those pretty parti-coloured flames !
 A small but merry club their light portends ;
 And there no doubt we'll see some pleasant games.
 One can't be called alone with a few friends !

FAUST

But rather far 'mid yonder press were I,
 Where thro' the whirling smoke so ruddily
 The red light glows, for there were best descried
 How the mad crowd streams onward in its course
 Up to the Evil One, and there perforce
 Were many a riddle by the way untied.

MEPHISTOPHELES

And many a riddle there were tied anew !
 Come, let the great world bluster as it list,
 Here quiet may be found, so here we'll rest.
 'Tis an old saying, old as it is true,
 ' Each for himself his little world doth make
 In the great world of all '— and witches are
 But women, as it seems, nor quite forget
 Their woman-ways, for see how stript and bare
 The young ones are, and how the older sort
 Have cloaked their withered charms. But doff, I pray,
 This humour for a while, and join the sport ;
 The trouble you will find 'twill well repay.

Listen ! their instruments I hear them tune ;
What a confounded jangle ! But one soon
Will grow accustomed to it. Onward now !
Come, let's be moving. I the way will show,
And introduce you. For this favour you
Shall be my debtor, and will thank me too.
What think you of the scene ? Well, after all,
'Tis passing gay, and not so very small ;
A hundred fires are burning at the least.
What seems there wanting ? You may dance and feast,
Cook, chatter, drink, make love, like all around.
What would you more, or where could more be found ?

FAUST

But tell me, ere we here be introduced,
Whether as fiend or wizard you appear.

MEPHISTOPHELES

In truth to go incognito I'm used
On most occasions. But as elsewhere here
On gala days one's orders one would show.
Indeed I have no Garter at my knee,
But then my cloven foot as well will do,
For here 'tis much respected as you see.
Look at yon snail ! With outstretched feeling eye
How hitherward she creeps in curious mood,
And scents the air, as guessing something nigh.
I could not her deny me if I would.

So come, my friend, from fire to fire we'll stray ;
I'll be the pimp, whilst you the gallant play.

[To a party sitting round some expiring embers

How now, old gentleman, what do you here ?
I should commend you rather did you share
Yon youthful revelry. Your choice seems queer ;
Surely at home there's time enough for care !

GENERAL

Who can in nations trust, how great soe'er
His deeds may be ? With women and the herd,
Merit when linked with age comes ever late,
And worthless youth is still to worth preferred.

MINISTER

Ay, so it is. How madly men will stray
From the true path ! The good old times for me !
Then we were all in all ; but with our day
The golden age hath fled, and fools are free.

PARVENU

Nor were we dull, and sometimes too would do
That which we ought not. But with all our care,
The world turns topsy-turvy, and that too
Just when we wish to keep things as they were.

AUTHOR

Write ne'er so wisely now, alas ! no more
Men works of substance heed. Who'll read, I pray,

One line of common sense? And when before
Was youth so self-sufficient as to-day?

MEPHISTOPHELES (*who all at once appears very old*)

Well, for the last time I have climbed the mountain,
Where all seems ripe for doomsday! My small cask
Runs turbid now, and naught seems left to drain
On earth save dregs. The world hath done its task!

PEDLAR-WITCH

Come hither, gentlemen, don't pass me by.
Now is your time; for in my pack you'll find
All you can want, fine wares of every kind;
'Tis well worth while to view them carefully.
Nothing my bundle holds that is not quite
As choice as aught on earth. No dagger here
That hath not tasted blood; no chalice bright
Whence healthy lips, without one thought of fear,
Have not drained death; no jewel but a pledge
Of broken faith and maiden's shame hath been;
No sword that hath not severed with its edge
Some sacred tie, or in the back unseen
Stabbed friend or foe.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Good cousin, hold! Such wares
Are out of fashion now; their day's gone by.

Come, mend your trade, for such things no one cares ;
Seek something new. We all want novelty.

FAUST

If I can be unto myself but true !
A witches' fair ! and with a vengeance too !

MEPHISTOPHELES

How surges on the upward struggling throng !
All fain would push, and all are borne along.

FAUST

But who is that ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Look well at her ! You see
Adam's first wife ; 'tis Lilith.

FAUST

How ! 'tis she ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay, and beware of her, for that fair hair,
Her sole adornment, nor needs she more,
Even now can lure as surely as before,
And woe to him these tresses once ensnare.

FAUST

There are another two, who sit them down ;
How madly they have danced—one young, one old !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Ay, here there's sport for all and rest for none ;
They'll dance anew. Here pleasure grows not cold.

FAUST (*dancing with the young one*)

I once did dream. My dream was fair ;
In it I saw an apple-tree.
Two lovely apples glittered there,—
I climbed it ; how they charmed me !

THE FAIR ONE

You love the apple. Love it much ;
That love in Paradise was taught.
And I am pleased, well pleased, with such
That this my garden too is fraught.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*with the old one*)

I once did dream. My dream was wild ;
In it I saw a cloven tree.
The fruit it bore had few beguiled,
But sweet or bitter serves for me.

THE OLD ONE

And I with joyous welcome greet
 The gallant with the cloven hoof ;
 When he to join the dance thinks meet,
 No witch is she who stands aloof.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST

Confounded mob ! what's this you needs must do ?
 Hath it not long ere now been proved to you
 That spirits walk not on their feet ; and yet
 To dance like mortals merely you have met !

THE FAIR ONE

If thus he thinks, why comes he to our ball ?

FAUST

Ha ! ha ! he's everywhere and carps at all.
 What others dance our friend must criticise,
 And comment on each step, or, in his eyes,
 Such step had ne'er been danced. But nothing so
 Doth anger him as when we forward go.
 But should you haply in a circle run,
 As he in his old mill is used to do,
 That he calls good, especially if you
 Consult him on the matter—when 'tis done !

PROCTOPHANTASMIST

What, not yet gone ! Well, 'tis unheard of, this !
 Vanish at once ! for too enlightened is
 The world through us that you should still exist.
 This devil's pack ! what, will they never list
 To sense or rule ? And notwithstanding we
 Have proved 'tis not, must Tegel haunted be,
 And this foul rubbish everywhere intrude,
 But swept away to be again renewed ?

THE FAIR ONE

Then go your way, and cease to pester us.

PROCTOPHANTASMIST

I tell you, spirits, to your faces, thus
 To endure the despotism of spirit I
 Will not submit, and if mine cannot vie
 In mastery with you, I take me hence.

[*The dancing goes on*

This night I see success attends not sense,
 But I am always ready for a move ;
 And still I hope ere my last step to prove
 That I am right ; and ere for good I go
 Devils and poets too the truth shall know.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Forthwith he'll seat him in a puddle ; 'tis
 His usual solace when things go amiss.

Of this the leeches take full benefit,
And cure him straight of spirits and the spirit !

[*To FAUST, who has left the dance*

But wherefore thus forsake that pretty lass,
Who in the dance just now so sweetly sang ?

FAUST

Why, in the middle of her song there sprang
Forth from her mouth a mouse as red as blood !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Well, what of that ? If rightly understood
One should not be too scrupulously nice.
It was not grey it seems, so let it pass.
Alas for love, were lovers thus precise !

FAUST

And then I saw——

MEPHISTOPHELES

What now ?

FAUST

Mephisto, see you not
Yon girl so fair and pale, how lifelessly,
As 'twere with fettered feet, she seeks to move !
Is she not like poor Margaret ?

MEPHISTOPHELES

It may be.

But look not on her ; gazing will but prove
Hurtful. It is a phantom best forgot,
An idol ill to meet. Man's blood will grow
Thick in its presence, and his flesh to stone
Be well nigh turned. But surely you should know
Medusa?

FAUST

Ay ! life is not in those eyes
No loving hand has closed, no pulse doth thrill
Within that beauteous bosom. The sweet prize,
So dearly won, how changed ! But Margaret still !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Thou easy fool, 'tis magic ! Every one
Sees his first love in her ; not thou alone.

FAUST

What untold bliss ! what never equalled pain !
I gaze, and yet unsated gaze again.
That lovely neck, how fair ! How strangely too,
One small red line adorns it, to the eye
Not thicker than a knife's keen edge !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Just so !

I see it too, and doubt not by-and-by

Under her arm that we shall see her take
 Her head, with Perseus' help. But come, awake!
 Why ever thus for mad delusions long?
 Let's mount yon hill ; I wager there the throng
 We find as merry as 'twere in the Prater.
 But what means this? Be it not magic too,
 Here we have actors and a theatre!
 How goes the play?

SERVIBILIS

'Twill soon commence anew.

A novel piece, the last one of the seven ;
 As usual by a dilettante writ,
 By dilettanti too it will be given.
 But pray excuse my absence ; I must flit.
 Time presses ; and, a dilettante, I
 The curtain raise, and so, fair sir, adieu !

MEPHISTOPHELES

Commend me to your fellows ! Certainly,
 The Blocksberg is the very place for you !

*WALPURGIS NIGHT'S DREAM; OR,
OBERON AND TITANIA'S GOLDEN
WEDDING.*

THEATRE MANAGER

HILL and hollow, crag and dale
Critic's voice we heed not ;
Mountain old and dewy vale,
Other scene we need not.

HERALD

That the wedding golden be,
Years must fifty number ;
Gladsome day the day to me,
Strife and quarrel slumber.

OBERON.

Who the fairy sceptre own,
Spirits gather round us ;
King and queen again are one,
Hymen's wreath hath bound us !

PUCK

Puck he comes in merry mood,
 Leads the frolic measure ;
 Hundredfold becomes the crowd,
 All is rife with pleasure !

ARIEL

Ariel sweet song awakes,
 Harebells echo clearly ;
 Many a fool his music makes,
 Beauty loves him dearly !

OBERON

Wedded ones will disagree,
 Wedlock hath its smarting ;
 Would you love, but do as we,
 Nothing helps like parting.

TITANIA

Frown the husband, chide the wife,
 Be their footsteps wended
 North and south, then ceases strife,
 Quarrel soon is ended !

ORCHESTRA, *tutti* (*fortissimo*)

Nose of gnat, and snout of fly,
 Frog and cricket waking,

With their kindred far and nigh
All are music making.

SOLO

Bagpipe droning at his back,
Hither comes Soap-bubble.
Hear the schnecker-schnecke-schnack,
Toiling through the stubble.

SPIRIT WHICH IS BEING FORMED

Paunch of toad and spider's foot,
Little wings that should be,
Animalcula 'tis not,
Little poem 'twould be !

A PAIR OF LOVERS

Moonlit mist and honey-dew,
With high step and revel,
You may trip it lightly through,
Air you cannot travel.

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER

Is all around in masquing mood ?
Who's here? Can I believe me ?
'Tis Oberon the comely god,
Unless my eyes deceive me !

ORTHODOX

Clawless, hoofless, tail without,
How fair a form to view ;

Yet, like the gods of Greece, no doubt .
He is a devil too !

NORTHERN ARTIST

To catch a little sketch-ways is
All that I now can try ;
But for th' Italian journey this
Will fit me by-and-by.

PURIST

Luckless wretch, what brings me here,
'Mid racket loud and louder ?
What troops of witches far and near,
And only two wear powder !

YOUNG WITCH

Your powder, like your petticoats,
Suits little old and grey,
But we sit naked on our goats,
And bodiès stout display !

MATRON

Too much politeness we by far
To mar the feast have got,
But young and tender as you are
I hope you'll quickly rot !

LEADER OF THE BAND

Nose of gnat and snout of fly,
 Round the bare ones buzz not ;
 Frog and cricket, music ply,
 Mind the time you lose not !

WEATHERCOCK (*on one side*)

Of company there seems no lack,
 Brides and bridegrooms plenty.
 Here's room for taste ; a hopeful pack.
 Each may choose from twenty !

WEATHERCOCK (*on the other side*)

If shift not wind, if gape not ground,
 And all this rabble swallow,
 To hell I'll off with whisk and bound,
 And they who list may follow !

XENIEN

With keen-edged little nippers here
 As insects we come flitting,
 For Satan, our papa, we fear
 And honour as 'tis fitting.

HENNING'S

See how they crowd and run about,
 And joke as all were brothers ;
 And in the end will say, no doubt,
 Their hearts are good as others !

MUSAGET

Amid the host of witches one
 One's self with pleasure loses ;
 To manage these is easier done
 Than to conduct the muses.

CI-DEVANT GENIUS OF THE AGE

Here to be somebody I hope ;
 Hold on, lest others pass us.
 The Blocksberg has a roomy top,
 Like Germany's Parnassus !

INQUISITIVE TRAVELLER

Who's that stiff gentleman, I pray ?
 He seems but ill-contented ;
 Snuffing at all who come his way,
 As though ' he Jesuits scented !'

CRANE

I like in limpid streams to fish,
 But more in waters troubled ;
 As saints to live with devils wish,
 Whereby their gains are doubled.

WORLDLING

Ay, to the pious all comes right,
 And fancy not they hell spare ;
 Conventicles you'll find to-night
 On Blocksberg even as elsewhere.

DANCER

Another choir this way speeds,
I hear their distant drumming ;
Hist ! bullfinches amongst the reeds
Are single-noted humming !

DOGMATIST

That I am wrong I'll not agree,
No ! not for doubt or cavil ;
The devil though must something be,
If that there be a devil !

IDEALIST

For once my fancy doth appear
Too strong, I grant it freely ;
If ' I be all,' it stands quite clear
That I to-day am silly !

REALIST

Can entity be but a cheat ?
It plagues me much already ;
Here for the first time on my feet
I feel myself unsteady !

SUPERNATURALIST

I'm charmed with these, and feel me here
As happy as I could be ;

For devils since there are, 'tis clear
 Good spirits too there should be !

SCEPTIC

The flame they track where'er it roam,
 And think them near the treasure ;
 Who doubts may here feel quite at home,
 So I look on at leisure !

LEADER OF THE BAND

Frogs and crickets, sharp and flat,
 Accursed dilettanti ;
 Snout o fly and nose of gnat,
 Musicians here in plenty !

THE ADROIT ONES

' Sans-souci ' yclept we are,
 A brotherhood right merry ;
 Walk on our heads and no wise care,
 Since feet no longer carry !

THE MALADROIT ONES

Nice bits ere now we've spunged and won,
 But good old times, adieu ;
 On naked soles we now must run,
 Our shoes are quite danced through !

WILL-O'-THE-WISP

The bog and fen whence we are sprung
A moment back confined us !
The glittering gallants here among
The dancers now you find us !

STAR-SHOOT

In star and firelight from on high,
Down hither I have shot me ;
Now in the grass askew I lie,
Who on my legs will put me ?

THE MASSIVE ONES

Give place ! give place ! down goes the grass,
The air grows thick and gusty ;
Stout spirits they who this way pass,
Their limbs are plump and lusty !

PUCK

Elephants' cubs you fain would play ;
Don't tread with foot so clumsy.
The plumpest here should be to-day
Stout Puck, and hither comes he !

ARIEL

Hath kindly nature wings to thee,
Hath wings the spirit given,

Faust.

To the sweet hill-tops follow me,
Where best the rose hath thriven.

ORCHESTRA (*pianissimo*)

Mist and cloud-drift part and speed,
Night by day be banished !
Light winds breathe on leaf and reed,
All that was is vanished !

*A GLOOMY DAY.**A Plain.*

FAUST

In misery, despairing, long wandering wretchedly on earth, and now imprisoned, the dear unhappy being, as criminal ill-doer barred up in a dungeon, awaiting horrid tortures! Come even to this! to this! Traitorous, worthless spirit, and this hast thou concealed from me! Stand forth! stand! roll thy devilish eyes in grim repressed fury! stand! and brave me with thy unendurable presence. Imprisoned! in irretrievable misery, given o'er to evil spirits—and sentence-passing unfeeling humanity! And me the while lullest thou in tasteless dissipations, hiding from me her ever-growing wretchedness, and leaving her, without one helping hand, to perish!

MEPHISTOPHELES

She is not the first.

FAUST

Dog! execrable monster! Turn him, thou infinite

Spirit, turn the reptile again into his dog's shape, in which it hath pleased him to trot before me by night, to roll before the feet of the harmless wanderer, and to fasten on his shoulders when he had thrown him down. Turn him again into his favourite form, that he may crouch once more upon his belly in the sand, that I may spurn him with my foot! The reprobate! 'Not the first!' Oh, misery! misery! 'Tis not to be conceived by human soul, that any second being can have sunk to such a depth of wretchedness as this. That the first, writhing in its death agony, hath not, in the sight of the Ever-pardoning, atoned for the full guilt of all that should come after. The misery of this one alone thrills through my heart and brain, and thou canst calmly grin over the fall of thousands!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Now are we already at our wits' end, just where the senses of you mortals become fairly crazed! Wherefore enterest thou into fellowship with us, if thou canst not go through with it? Wilt fly, and art not secure against dizziness? Forced we ourselves on thee, or thou thyself on us?

FAUST

Gnash not thy ravening teeth at me thus hatefully! I look on thee with loathing. Great glorious Spirit, thou who vouchsafest to appear to me, thou who knowest my heart and inmost soul, why link me to this shameful companion, who preys on mischief and revels in destruction?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hast ended?

FAUST

Save her, or woe to thee! The direst of curses shall cleave to thee for thousands of ages!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I cannot loose the shackles of the avenger, nor undo his bolts. Save her! who was it that plunged her into ruin—I or thou? (FAUST *looks wildly around.*) Grasp at the thunder, wouldst thou? Well indeed it is not given to you poor mortals! To dash to pieces the first innocent person that comes across your path! Your true tyrant's fashion this, of venting himself on perplexities!

FAUST

Bring me thither! she shall be freed!

MEPHISTOPHELES

And the danger to which you expose yourself! No heed of that! Remember blood-guiltiness by thy hand still lies upon the town. Avenging spirits hover over the place of the slain, and lie in wait for the returning murderer.

FAUST

This too from thee? Murder and death of a world upon thee, monster! Conduct me hence, I say, and free her!

MEPHISTOPHELES

I will conduct thee, and what I can do, hear. Have I all power in heaven and upon earth? I will cloud the gaoler's senses; gain thou the keys, and bear her off with mortal hand. I will keep watch. The magic horses shall stand ready; I will carry *thee* away! This much I can do.

FAUST

Up! let's begone!

NIGHT.

An open Plain.

FAUST and MEPHISTOPHELES *rushing along on black horses.*

FAUST

What are they doing round the Ravenstone yonder?

MEPHISTOPHELES

Can't tell what they're cooking and brewing.

FAUST

Waving up, waving down, bending and bowing.

MEPHISTOPHELES

A witch company !

FAUST

They are charming and strewing.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Speed on ! speed on !

A PRISON.

FAUST, *with a bunch of keys and a lamp before an iron wicket.*

Why do I shudder thus ? How chill the blood
Creeps through my veins ! Concentred in my breast
All mankind's miseries seem. Thou drear abode,
Where, e'er so weary, none might ever rest,
And these thy dark and gloomy walls her home,
Whose crime at worst a fond delusion was !
What, do I dread to her once more to come ?
Once more to see her do I fear, alas !
But on ! already stirs the morning's breath.
What do I here ? Would I outlinger death ?

[He lays hold of the lock ; singing within

My mother, the harlot,
 She strangled and killed me ;
 My father, the varlet,
 Hath eaten me up.
 The bones she hath gathered,
 My young sister dear,
 Lovingly gathered,
 And laid them here.

But a beautiful wood-bird now am I,
 And away I flit to my home on high !

FAUST (*unlocking the door*)

She feels not he who loves her stands so near,
 The rustling straw, her clanking chain can hear !

[*He enters*

MARGARET (*hiding herself in the straw*)

Woe ! woe ! they come ! Oh, bitter death, they come !

FAUST

Hush, hush ! 'tis I ! I come to set thee free.

MARGARET

Is thy heart human ? Think upon my doom.

FAUST

Cry, and the guard will wake ere we can flee.

MARGARET (*on her knees*)

Who gave thee power thus to drag me forth
At midnight, headsman? Is it not enough
That I must die so soon? It were scarce worth
Thy pains to kill me now. Oh, keep the rough,
Rough hand of death from off me till the morn,
When I must die! So young; oh ay, so young!
And I was fair; and therefore I am torn
From life away. And he that from this wrong
Should shield me is afar, my garland thrown
Down in the dust, its flowers all soiled and strewn!
Seize on me not thus rudely. I to thee
Have done no ill; till now in all my days
Thou know'st I never saw thee! Why then be
So hard of heart, and thus upon me gaze
With cruel look? Oh, let me not in vain
Implore thy mercy; think upon my pain!

FAUST

Can I this hear and see, and breathe again?

MARGARET

I now am in thy power, but ere we go
My child I first would suckle. All night through
I pressed it to my heart, but they have come
And taken it from me; they would make me grieve.
And now they say I killed it. Bitter doom!
Songs too they sing about me all believe!

'Tis wicked of them. If an old tale end
 In this way, wherefore should they thus apply
 To me its meaning? Who hath bid them send
 This story forth, and falsely say 'tis I?

FAUST (*throwing himself down*)

To still thy pain, to calm thy misery,
 Thy lover kneels before thee—look! 'tis he!

MARGARET (*throws herself beside him*)

Oh, let us kneel and pray the holy aid
 O' the saints in heaven! Art thou not afraid?
 See under the steps and under the floor
 How hell is upseething!
 Hist! thro' the door,
 To the gnashing and writhing
 Of the Evil One!

FAUST (*calls*)

Oh, Gretchen, Gretchen!

MARGARET (*listening*)

Some one hath called me. That voice alone
 Can my true love's be.

[*She springs up; the chains fall off*

He is here, he is here!

Who holds me or binds me when he is near?
 To save me he hastens, to him I flee,
 My head on his bosom and I am free!

His Gretchen he called on, he stands by the door,
 His arm will clasp me, to loose me no more.
 I come ! 'Tis the sound of his voice ; its loved tone
 The howling and scoffing of hell cannot drown.

FAUST

It is I !

MARGARET

'Tis thou ! oh, say that once again !

[*Clasping him*

'Tis he ! 'tis he ! Where now are grief and pain,
 The galling chain, the dungeon's agony ?
 'Tis thou ! to save me hither didst thou fly,
 And I am saved !
 The street is yonder ; there I first did meet thee.
 The happy garden too, where I and Martha
 Did wait thy coming, when I scarce dared greet thee.
 I see them yonder now, as I first saw !

FAUST (*endeavouring to force her away*)

Come with me ! Come at once !

MARGARET

Not yet ! not yet !

It is so sweet to stay where thou dost stay.

Oh, haste thee not to go !

MARGARET (*turning towards him*)

Art thou indeed, art thou then truly he ?

FAUST

I am, I am. Come with me !

MARGARET

Thou this chain
Hast loosed, and tak'st me to thy breast again ?
Art thou then not afraid ? Dost thou not know
Whom thou wouldst rescue, who with thee would go ?

FAUST

Come, come, night wanes apace ! We must not stay.

MARGARET

My mother I have murdered, so they say,
My child too I have drowned. It is not good !
Was it for this on me and thee bestowed ?
And is it thou ? Is it then truly thou ?
Give me thy hand ; it is no dream, no ! no !
Thy hand so loved ! Ah fie ! what's this ? 'tis wet.
Wipe it, I pray thee, quickly. Where did get
Thy hand that dark red stain ? 'Tis not yet gone.
O God, 'tis blood ! 'tis blood ! What hast thou done ?
Put up thy sword ! Upon my bended knee
I do entreat thee !

FAUST

Wouldst thou kill me not,
Speak not of that which has been. It must be
That what is done is done. 'Twere best forgot.

MARGARET

Ah no ! thou must remain, and I will show
To thee their graves. Thou lov'st me, and I know
That thou wilt look to them—to-morrow early.
My mother, she in the best place shall lie,
And next to her my brother ; to one side
Must I be placed, apart, but not too wide,
And on my breast my little one. But none
Shall lie beside me ; it indeed were bliss
To have thee near me, but that hope is gone.
I feel impelled to cling to thee, but thou
To thrust me back dost seem, and still thy air
Is kind and good as ever.

FAUST

Think'st thou so,
Then, dearest, come with me.

MARGARET

Out yonder there ?

FAUST

Where we may breathe in freedom.

MARGARET

Tell me, stands
Out there the tomb? Waits death with outstretched hands
To lay me in it? Thither I may go,
Not one step further. Thou dost leave me now.
Oh, that I could go with thee !

FAUST

Thou canst ; but will it. Open stands the door !

MARGARET

I dare not go, for me hope lives no more.
How should I fly? They watch on every side!
What misery to beg, nor this to do
As outcast, but with evil conscience too.
Through places strange how wretched 'twere to stray,
And they will catch me go where'er I may.

FAUST

Then here with thee I bide.

MARGARET

Haste, haste to save it!
It is my child!
Quick! by the path
Where the streamlet wild
Runs through the wood,
To the left beyond,
Where the plank lies across it.
There! there! in the pond
It struggles! it rises!
Seize! save it, O save!

FAUST

Bethink thee, Gretchen dear, this must not be.
One step, one little step, and thou art free!

MARGARET

O that we over yon mountain were!
That is my mother, I see her there!
Yonder she sits on the cold grey stone,
Her head waves slowly up and down,
Nor looks nor beckons; her watching is o'er,
She hath slept so long she will wake no more.
That we might be happy she slept so fast.
Alas! so happy. It could not last.

FAUST

If words, if prayers, no power to move thee have,
No power to save thee, then my arm must save.

MARGARET

Stand off ! I will not be compelled. No force
Lives that shall drag me hence. How murderously
Thou look'st upon me ! Yet time was that I
Did all for love of thee. Thou know'st 'twas so.

FAUST

Dear Gretchen ! dearest, see ! The air grows grey ;
The day is dawning fast.

MARGARET

Day ! the last day !

It hurries on ; my wedding day 't should be.
Let no one know the past, nor know that we
Have met already. See my garland. Woe,
Woe, woe ! 'Tis over, all is over now !
We two shall meet again. Yes, we shall meet ;
Not in the dance though ! Look ! the square, the
street,

Hold not the crowd that gathers silently.
The bell is tolling ; hark ! they draw more nigh.
'The staff they are breaking ; they seize me, they bind !
The block is uncovering ; the keen-edged steel
Is gleaming and quivering, each, each must feel.
Still lies the world, 'tis noiseless as the grave !

FAUST

Would I had ne'er been born, this had not been.

MEPHISTOPHELES (*appears without*)

Away, or you are lost! What means this scene,
This mad delay? Why stand you dallying there?
Already shudder in the morning air
My drooping steeds.

MARGARET

What's this? what shape of fear
Rises from earth? He! he! what does he here,
Here in the holy place? Oh, drive him, drive
The monster hence. He seeks me!

FAUST

Thou shalt live.

MARGARET

Judgment of God, to thee myself I give.

MEPHISTOPHELES

Come, come, or to thy fate thee too I leave.

MARGARET

Thine am I, holy Father! take me! save!
Ye angel hosts, ye sainted spirits, ward
Evil from off me now; be ye my guard!
Heinrich, for thee alone I grieve, for thee!

MEPHISTOPHELES

Hear; she is judged!

VOICE FROM ABOVE

She is saved!

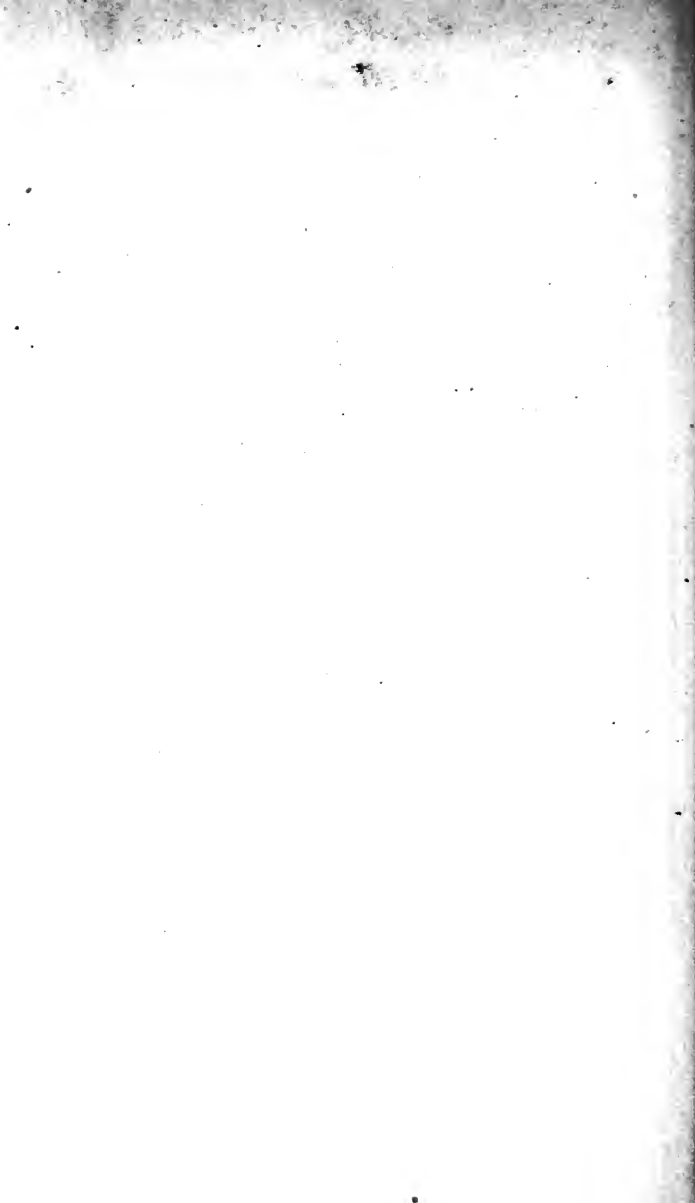
MEPHISTOPHELES (*to* FAUST)

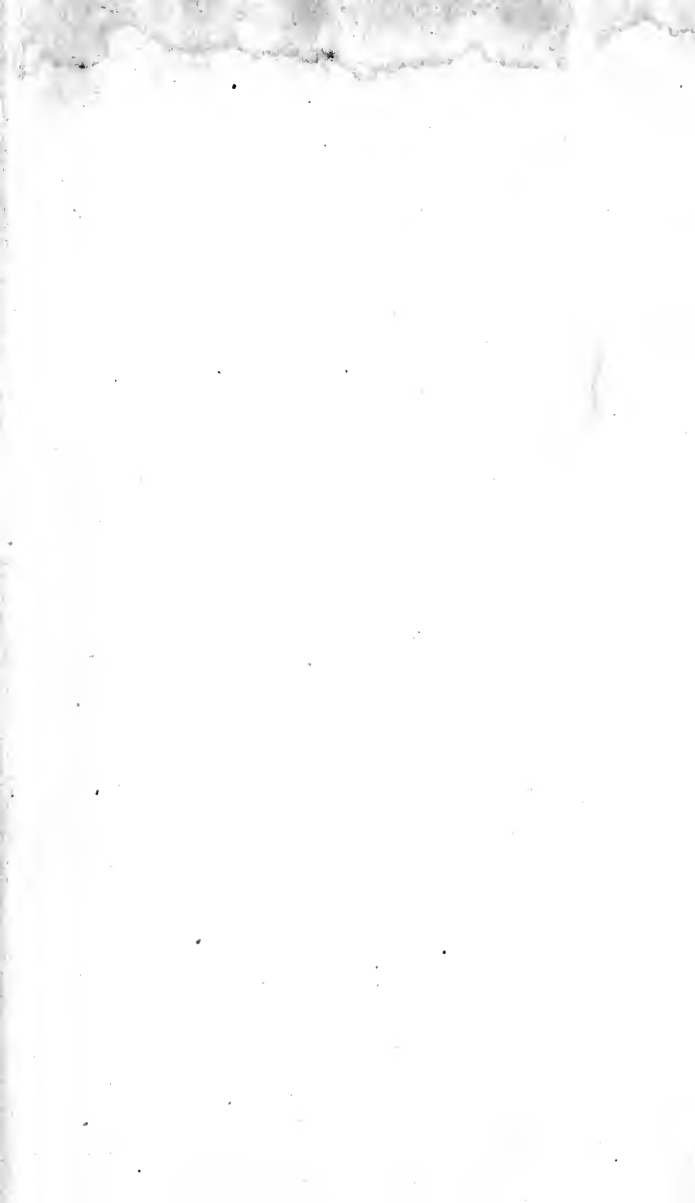
Hither to me!

[*Vanishes with* FAUST

VOICES FROM WITHIN (*dying away*)

Heinrich! Heinrich!





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